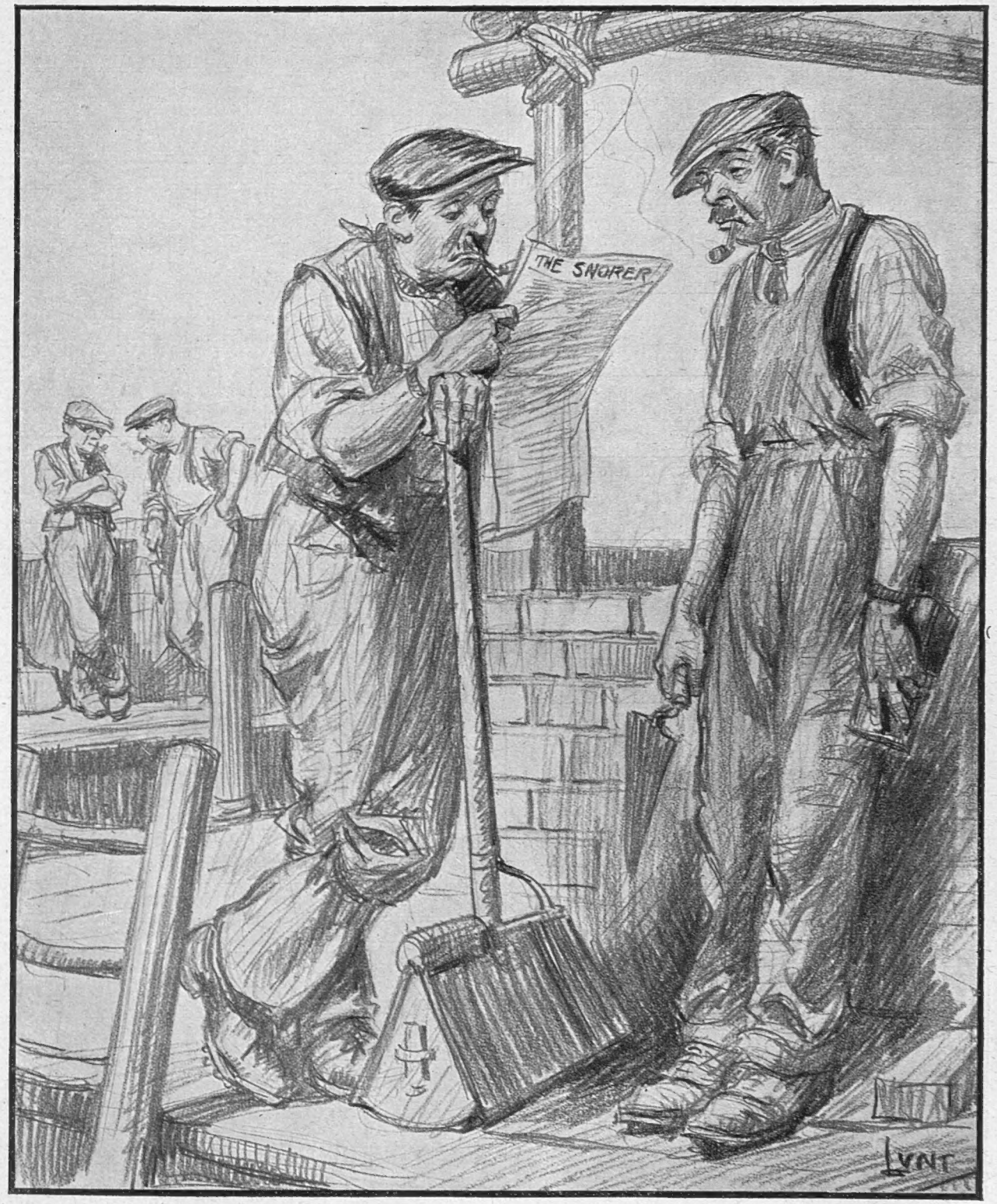
The Bystander, March 16, 1921. No. 902. Vol. LXIX.

The BYSTANDER



BY WILMOT LUNT

IN THE DORMITORY OF DEMOCRACY

"I 'opes we don't get this 'ere sleeping sickness the papers talk about, Bill!"
"You never know your luck, Tom!"

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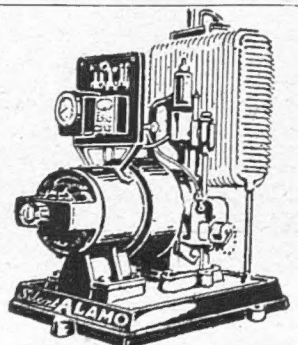

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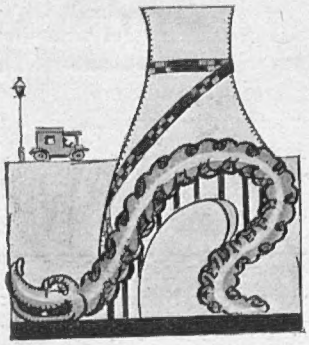
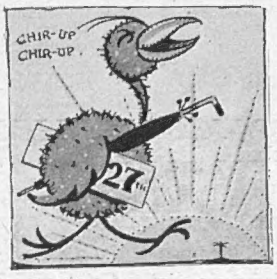


Shoes made of snakes are the latest fad—



Easter is coming towards us—

Joy can kill so Science says—

By Victor Hicks

While the penny egg comes and rewards us

Unemotional Huns

I SHOULD have liked to see the British troops crossing the big bridge at Düsseldorf last week. When I went there from Cologne in the first week of March, 1919, the Belgians were holding the bridge-heads. The suburbs of Düsseldorf in the occupied area were as peaceful as all the rest of the territory occupied by the Allies, and people went about their business as quietly as though nothing extraordinary had happened. But in the main city, on the other side of the river, there was at that time a good deal of Spartacist rioting, and it was thought that some trouble might arise. The Belgians put a few machine-guns and some barbed wire at the German end of the bridge, but they were never needed. Business men and women with special permits crossed the bridge daily, and were thoroughly searched, both going and coming. But there was never the slightest trouble. In fact, there is no doubt that the great mass of the German people in the areas adjoining those occupied by the Allies envied their neighbours the protection and security which the Allied troops afforded them.

The Effect of Occupation

I SUPPOSE it would have been too big an undertaking to have occupied the whole of Germany, but from what I saw in the British, French, Belgian, and American zones I am convinced it would have been a splendid thing, both for the Germans and for us. In all these zones life went on in as orderly a fashion as if the occupation had been in force for years instead of three or four months. And it would have been the same all over Germany — by now they might have been paying the indemnity quietly and steadily to Allied officers on the spot. I believe that a British officer in Cologne could have collected anything he had a mind to without the slightest open objection. Had I not seen it with my own eyes I could never have even faintly imagined what a very real thing our "occupation" was from the very first.

No Bullying

THE Germans in these areas, at any rate, realised fully who had won the War. Yet there was no undue severity, never a sign of what the schoolboy would call bullying. The German police in Cologne worked under Major Maude, the British A.P.M., without the slightest friction, and were every bit as keen in making their countrymen obey regulations as were the British. It was hard to believe that Cologne was a city occupied by a late enemy.

Deeply Regretted

LORD MOULTON'S death was terribly sudden. Only eleven days before he took the chair at the Saturday night House Dinner in the Savage Club, when he was full of fun and in the highest spirits, looking years younger than his seventy-seven. An intimate friend who was with him most of the day before he died tells me that he seemed just as well as usual, joking and laughing even more good-humouredly than usual perhaps. Lord Moulton was a man of simple pleasures. Like the late Lord Alverstone, he was very fond of the Savage Club, and took the chair at one of its Saturday nights every year.

By Fred Buchanan

TRANSPORT NOTE: A FEW RECENT DEPARTURES

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

A Keen Yachtsman

He took great pleasure in his little yacht, and, to the last, always took his share in the working of her just as all the other "hands." On his last trip they were going down the canal to Nancy, and it fell to him to go ahead and warn the lock-keepers that the boat was coming. He started off for the first lock, but soon returned. "Is this my yacht?" he asked the company. They agreed that it was. "Well, then," said he," why am I sent out with only one 25 centime piece about me with which to tip madame the lock-keeper? You should attend to your owner better than that." There can be no doubt that the enormous amount of work Lord Moulton did during the War drained his reserve powers, for though he was seventy-seven he certainly would have lived a good many years longer in ordinary circumstances. In him we lose one of the great intellects of the country.

A Law-Breaking Community

The United States, it seems, is to find its moral salvation at the hands of its doctors. It will be generally admitted, I think, that it is bad for the *morale* of a country to have in force a law which is so contrary to the general feeling of the community that it is broken all day and every day without the law-breakers suffering shame or losing the respect of their fellows. This is undoubtedly the case with America's Prohibition Law. But now the Attorney-General of the United States has given it as his "considered opinion" that beer is medicine. The doctors, one may naturally expect, will prescribe it as freely as vaccination or any other well-established cure. The brewery will now be the dispensary, and thousands of lives will be saved from the poisonous mixtures sold as whisky

An Absurd Régime

It is quite time that our rulers and governors took this question in hand. No one any longer has the slightest respect for our liquor restrictions. They are broken whenever it can be done with little or no risk of detection. It is a miserable thing to continue to force decent people into the position of pettifogging misdemeanants. An actor or a journalist after a hard night's work is still unable to have a bottle of beer or a glass of wine in his club with his supper without becoming himself a criminal, risking his club's license, and making all sorts of people liable to heavy fines. No one can respect such a law, and when one part of the law is held in disrespect the whole of it suffers. Why force the law to be "a hass"?

Women Jurors Who Shirk

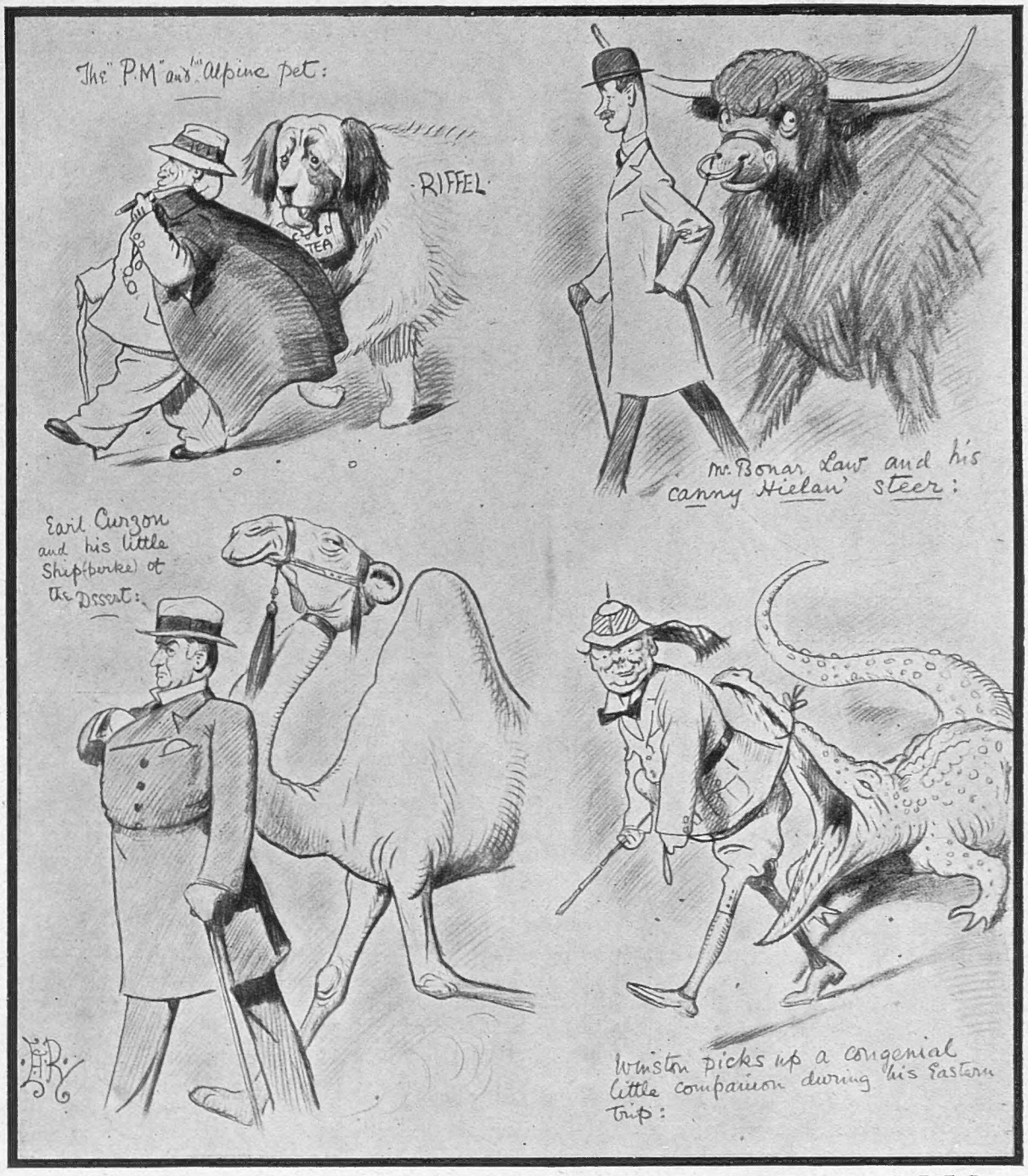
It is sad to see women already objecting in an organised fashion to the new duties which accompany their new privileges. Here are the ladies of Ilford asking to be struck off the voting list in order to avoid service on juries! This will never do! Mr. Justice Darling has declared that, so far as his experience has gone, women do their duty as jurors thoroughly well, and I am sure that men want their help more in this work than in many other fields now open to women. The ladies must really take the powder as well as the jam of public life.

THE OPTIMIST By W. E. Wigfull

"Ach, so! Dat is bust! I must meinself anodder one try!"

Stop All-Night Sittings!

I rather sympathise with the M.P.'s who advocated the abolition of all-night sittings in the House of Commons. They are an unnecessary expense to the nation. I suppose it costs an appreciable sum of money per hour to keep the House of Commons open—electric light alone would come to a good deal. And M.P.'s never seem to do anything very intelligently during these night sittings judging from the accounts that one reads of them. Indeed, M.P.'s seem to lose all interest in politics as soon as they enter their famous House. Now, they are much more lively at, say, National Liberal or Constitutional Club luncheons and dinners. At a luncheon in the former club last week the proceedings were quite exciting. If they would import some of this live interest into their doings in the House of Commons we should all begin to take notice of it again. Meanwhile, they may well save our money by keeping the place shut as much as possible.



MORE MINISTERIAL PETS

By E. T. Reed

The example of Mr. Lloyd George in acquiring a large St. Bernard as a pet will no doubt be largely followed by his colleagues

"Why We Lost"

WHY is it when we lose a Test Match, a billiard tournament, or a boxing bout we always know "why we lost," and, incidentally, write columns about it within ten minutes of the defeat? On the other hand, we never seem to know "why we won" anything, and never write a word about it, anyway. We *have* won things sometimes, surely. For instance, a good many people are under the impression that we won the War—although, as time goes on, the doubt about this particular contest seems to increase. There almost seems to be more to be gained by losing a contest (and talking a lot about it) than by winning it and keeping quiet.

Should Critics Clap?

SHOULD the professional critics at first nights applaud like the rest of the audience? As a matter of fact, very few of them do, but the acting at Mr. McKinnel's *première* of *The Ninth Earl* at the Comedy was so impressive that even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer, although the play is not really a good one. It must, indeed, be a tremendous strain on an actor to face a first night audience, for he has to reckon not only with the dead-head, but with the dead hand. To face stalls dotted with bored critics who are too indifferent even to show their disapproval must be an ordeal. It is the gallery and the pit that rejoice the player.

Photograph *Central News*

THE PRINCE IN SCOTLAND

The Prince of Wales smiling in response to the cheers of the crowd on his arrival at Glasgow last week

Who, When and Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Photograph *Sport and General*

LAUNCHING "WINDSOR CASTLE"

His Royal Highness acknowledging the cheers of the dockers after launching the Union Castle liner at Messrs. John Brown's works at Clydebank

An Interesting Engagement

IT is a long time since I heard such chatter—pleased chatter *soit entendu*—about an engagement as about that of my Lord Stanhope and Lady Eileen Browne. Lord Stanhope has turned the corner of the forties, and had come to be regarded as an incorrigible bachelor. It is sixteen years since he succeeded his father, and sixteen years is a long time for a most eligible Earl to remain unmated.

His mother, Lady Stanhope, belongs to the fast-disappearing school of *grandes dames*. She created a big tradition at Chevening, the beautiful Stanhope place near Sevenoaks. Public service is hereditary with the Stanhopes. Since the creation of the Earldom some two hundred years ago each succeeding peer has served in Parliament; several have been members of the Government. They have all done their duty by their country. The present holder of the title served in both the South African and the Great War, gaining the D.S.O., the Military Cross, and the Legion of Honour in the latter.

The Stanhope Town house is in Grosvenor Place, one of those few remaining lofty white elephants not yet absorbed by engineering firms, new clubs, and new Legations.

The future Lady Stanhope is Lord Sligo's eldest daughter. Before he succeeded to the Marquisate, some eight years ago, Lord Sligo (then Lord Altamont) was one of our leading amateur actors. His talent has been inherited by his daughter.

The Amateur Actors of Yesterday and To-day

SPEAKING of amateur actors, it is odd that nowadays we have no such names as those of Lord Altamont, Lord and Lady Clifford of Chudleigh, Miss Ethel Cadogan, Miss Aimée Lowther, and Mr. Stephen Powys amongst those who act for acting's sake—and for charity. They were all very much in earnest, the late Lord Clifford so much so that he built a little theatre at Ugbrooke, where elaborate productions were given every winter.

But that all belongs to a past which grows more and more golden as we contrast it with the tax-burdened present. Our *haute volée* now can't afford to be amateurs. They either go on the stage proper, like Lord Glerawby, or to the yellow paint and arc-lights of the film studio, like Lady Diana Duff-Cooper. Other times, other taxes, other doings.

A Rift Within a Ducal Lute

THE little birds who are homing from the Riviera by the *trains-de-luxe* have brought stories of rifts within the newest of society lutes.

"What can you expect?" said a virile dowager, who knows her world backwards as well as forwards, after hearing one tale of a ducal rumpus at a dinner-party. "They knew each other too well before they were married. It's always a mistake to marry anybody you know well. There's nothing to find out!"

The Prelate and the Haunted Chamber

HERE, my good gentles, is the latest story. Its hero, a prelate renowned for his celibacy, was staying in a remote house in Scotland, famous for its possession of a haunted room.

One night, just as the host was going to bed, there was a banging and a battering upon the front door. Opened by a startled butler, it disclosed a car in which was a lady. The chauffeur had lost his way hopelessly, torrents of rain were descending, the wind was cyclonic. Seeing a light the lady had stopped to seek direction to the nearest inn.

But this was twenty miles away, with an execrable road lying in between. The lady mentioned her name. It was known to the owner

Photograph F. A. Swaine

MISS ROSALIND HEDLEY

Who is shortly to marry Brevet-Major H. F. Heywood, M.C., R.A. She is the daughter of Col. Sir Coote Hedley, and Lady Hedley

Photograph Bassano, Ltd.

A FORTHCOMING WEDDING.

Miss Sylvia Morris, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Morris, whose marriage with Mr. Gerald Halliday takes place on April 6

Photograph Bassano, Ltd.

A GENERAL'S DAUGHTER.

Miss K. M. Hickman, daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. Hickman, engaged to Mr. Raymond Inglis Barker

of the house, who at once fetched down his better half in her dressing-gown.

The upshot was that they would not hear of the derelict lady pursuing her journey, and offered her the only vacant room they had—the haunted chamber.

At breakfast the next morning the unexpected guest was asked the usual question, "I hope you were comfortable and had a good night?"

"I was most comfortable," the dame replied, "until about three o'clock, when I woke up shivering with cold, and, do what I could, I could not get warm again!" The usual expressions of regret, etc., etc.

Then in came the Prelate, beaming on all the world over the top of his eye-glasses.

"Dear Bishop, I hope you slept well," cooed his hostess.

"Soundly, my dear lady, soundly, until about three o'clock, when I woke up, shivering with cold. I knew there was nobody in the haunted room, so I went in there and took all the bedclothes into my room. After that I slept like a top."

A nice story, isn't it?

The Coming Season

It is never safe to sit in the seats of the prophets, but I think that some of the scribes who are writing so glibly about the "brilliance" of the coming season will be proved to be somewhat rash in the use of their adjectives.

There seems to have grown up a convention amongst a certain type of journalist, men and women, that anything touching upon social doings must be described in the superlative. You go to a quiet luncheon of eight or ten people, a little dinner, or even a tea-party of a round dozen or so, and lo! the next day you see your luncheon, your dinner, or your tea-fight "paragraphed" as if it were a meeting of crowned heads. As for first nights at the playhouses, if you believe some of the newspapers they are the gathering-place of all the rank, wit, brains, fame, notoriety, jewels, and gowns-gorgeous that London can provide. Yet, to speak the nasty, plain, unvarnished truth, with one or two exceptions, first night audiences

Photographs Lafayette and Russell, London

AN INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT.

Lady Eileen Browne, daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Sligo, who is engaged to Earl Stanhope, D.S.O., M.C.

Photograph Lambert Weston

THE DUKE OF YORK AT DOVER

The Duke of York recently visited Dover, where, among other engagements, he inspected the Duke of York's Military School, with the officers of which he and his Staff can be seen

RETIRING AMBASSADOR

Mr. Davis, the popular American Ambassador, who has just retired, and Mrs. Davis, acknowledging the farewells on their departure from Waterloo en route for America

chiefly consist of people whose worth is greater than their brilliance, and who dress accordingly.

So equally, I fear, we must discount the prophesied "brilliance" of the coming season. There will be many small dances like the one my Lord and my Lady Albemarle gave for the Duke of York and Princess Mary, but apart from the big official affairs, I think you will find that entertaining on a large scale will not be a note of the season of 1921.

CANNES that same night was one big frolic, centred, as always, in the Casino, where the dinner was admirably designed in the name of green and yellow chartreuse—very happy colours in feathers, favours, and flowers from the deft hand of Poiret. The Masque created for the night was a mixed-drink concoction of ballet and clowning, and the head-dresses were reminiscent of Gaby's most fantastic millinery. A far more serious occasion took the multititular, as well as the musical enthusiasts, away from the frivolous delight of dining, to the theatre, where Isidore de Lara's *Les Trois Mousquetaires* was sung for the first time before the most distinguished audience of all this Riviera season. Kings, Grand Dukes, Duchesses, and amateurs mustered in plenty to this important *première*, and they remained to the end, so arresting was the score, singers, and most excellent story. De Lara made a *vrai* success, and few opera-houses in Europe could have given him quite the same sympathy of production. Chenal sang the Queen. Wasn't it Chenal whose singing of the "Marseillaise" was said to have won the War: men hearing her rushed eagerly to the front, lest they might hear her sing it again? However, she certainly helped to win the success of *Les Trois Mousquetaires*. Indeed, the composer had reason to be grateful to his cast—Vécart

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

TWIN SISTERS

The Hon. Alison and the Hon. Margaret Hore-Ruthven, twin daughters of Baron Ruthven, who has just succeeded to the title on the death of his father. They were two of last season's débutantes, and are sisters to the Countess of Carlisle

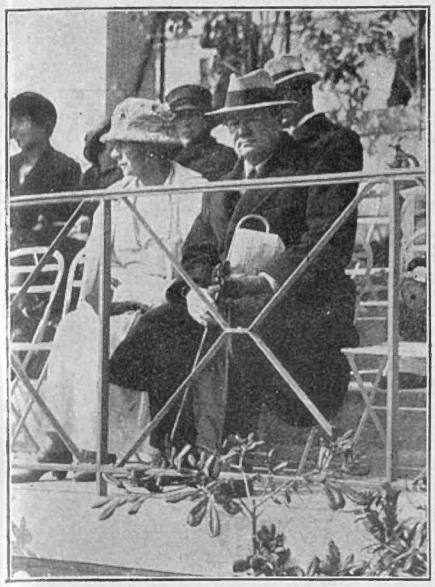
On The Riviera

Photograph *Sport and General*

TENNIS AT MENTONE

Mrs. Berthoud, Lady Champion of Bengal, who has been playing a great deal of tennis at Mentone lately

HEAD-DRESS dances are a vogue on this season-high Riviera. The Negresco has had some striking examples of these capitation events, and some of the smartest of them have been staged at the Majestic, where on Wednesday nights the select and dance-loving most do congregate. The Mi-Carême has been gay everywhere, and Nice's third Battle of Flowers was by all means the best—it was just a little less English than the others. The White Redoute reminded one too much of "butterflies all white!" and thousands at the Casino all in night-dress hue made a depressing rather than an exhilarating assembly. All white—it left the impression on both sober and intoxicated of an epidemic of baby funerals.



LORD AND LADY NORTHCLIFFE
Watching the tennis at Monte Carlo, where they have been staying for some time on account of Lord Northcliffe's health

was supreme and d'Artagnan of Alfred Maquenat was Waller-cum-Caruso.

THE playing grows tame at Cannes, as it does, in fact, everywhere. The rivalry between Monte Carlo and Cannes is becoming rather personal. Of course, the big profits at the latter place would naturally have gone to Monaco had there have been no new enterprise at Cannes. Monte can't exactly like this; but all along it has this season been Nice which has attracted the great players. There the gambling has occasionally been spectacular — thrilling; but at present it is feeling the general slump, which has come suddenly and earlier this year than ever before—no doubt due to the greedy high prices at hotels, restaurants, and in shops. There's no good mincing matters — the Riviera has over-stepped sound business principles in its present season charges, and it will have to revise its price-list if it wants prosperity and the right visitors in the future.

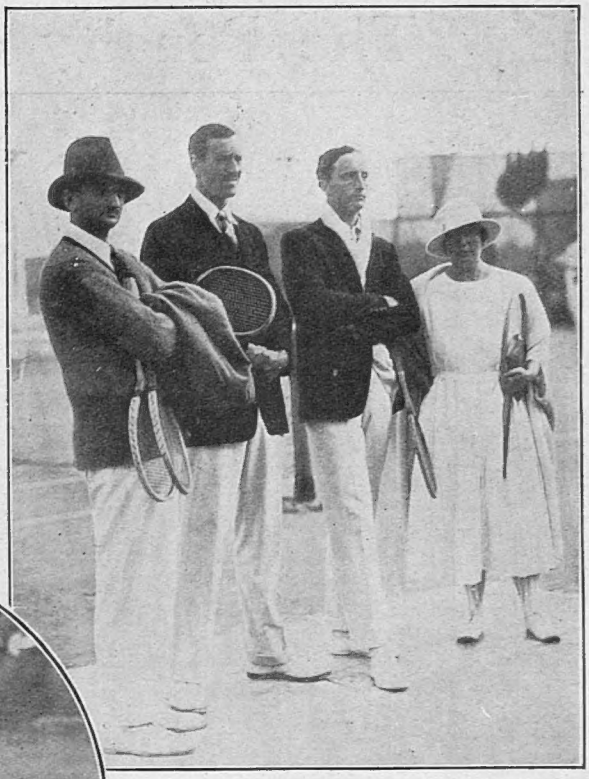
SIR THOMAS LIPTON gave a special tone — or "blend," rather — to Cannes Saturday night's gala. The theme of the evening was insects, which was not so bad as it sounds, for it included gardening in all its picturesque departments, and flowers, hats, spiders, and showers of rose petals helped to carry out the idea. Leonora Hughes—in a yellowy, lemony, drapery frock—was a guest. Margery Moss danced divinely. The Ranée was there, with her Eastern lord — that day landed from India.

THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER
"Snapped" at a tense moment

De Lara was at their table. Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Hugo Houston—in fact, the Ambassadors' Restaurant was a garden, and everything in the garden was lovely.

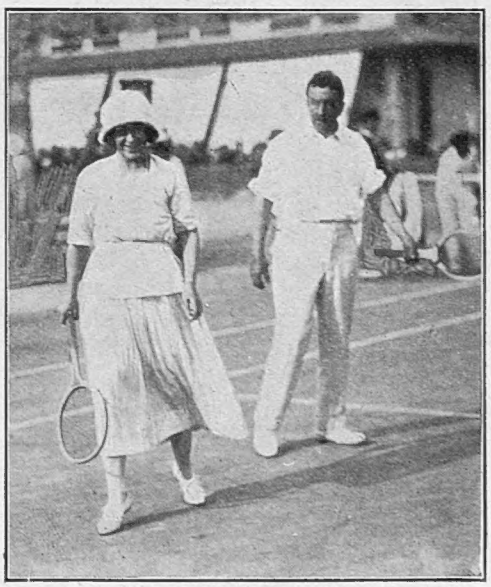
TENNIS is thick in the air; one cannot see the sky for swiftly flying balls. Five championships are on at Mentone. Kingscote wins a four-hour tussle with Lowe, who played with dazzling accuracy, but the Colonel drove, placed, and volleyed to victory, and finished fresh as an unperspiring daisy.

BEAULIEU is now becoming the haunt of the smartly artistic—the Laverys, De Vere Stackpoole (busy on an original comedy), Sir George Herschel, and Diana Cooper. It is so near everything that one need not become localised, and can conveniently dine at Cannes,



A LAWN TENNIS GROUP
Left to right: Mr. N. Mishu, the well-known Rumanian player, Mr. J. M. Hillyard, Lord Charles Hope, and Mrs. Gordon Lowe

golf at Mont Agel, tea at Mentone, play at Monte Carlo, and get fitted and suited at Nice. Dame Nellie Melba was well enough to sing in *Marguerite*. MacCormack, the American tenor, brogued his way through *Tosca* later in the week. Gowned like nothing on this earth or in opera, Della-Rizza gave him fine support. They lecture on Dante's Fifth Centenary in Nice; and, like consols, these things are within the reach of all at Beaulieu.



Photographs *E. Navello*
THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER
Taken with her partner, Lord Rochdale, during a set at Monte Carlo Lawn Tennis Club

The Penalty of the Profession

Photograph] "THE PUBLIC IS SUPPOSED TO BE INTERESTED IN OUR PRIVATE LIVES" *[Garrick Studios*

Miss Lilian Braithwaite and her daughter, Miss Joyce Carey (in private life Miss Braithwaite is Mrs. Lawrence), at a recent dance at the Grafton Galleries. Miss Carey, whose likeness to her mother is really remarkable, has been playing "Miranda" in the recent production of "The Tempest." The above epoch-making words were spoken by Miss Braithwaite in evidence at a recent libel action.

A Social Convenience

At the Royalty

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THE theme of this play is rather new, but I am not quite sure that it is altogether happy. The first act shows us a "Bureau of Social Convenience" presided over by a Mr. Prothero whose business it is to guide his clients on all matters connected with the little intricacies of life here below. People come to Mr. Prothero to learn how to make money, and how to spend it with distinction; and victims of unhappy marriages, or irregular alliances, seek his advice in order to find a way out of the tangles into which they have drifted. Mr. Prothero is just the practical, cynical man of the world with a moral code that is conveniently adaptable to the circumstances of the case that happens to be under consideration. He frankly admits that it was once his business to advise people to respect the law, and he nearly starved in consequence; but now that it is his business to help people to break the law with impunity, he has become mightily prosperous. So far, of course, the humour is legit mate enough, as in these days of oppressive, petty restrictions most people you meet admit to being law-breakers of one kind or another. There is no other way.

THEN we come to Mr. Nigel Bellamy, M.P., and Mrs. Millicent Hannay. Mrs. Hannay is a lady of the type familiar to students of the over-popular Sunday Press. She wants to be divorced from a faithful, but rather dull, husband because she has found her soul-mate, or something of that sort, in Mr. Bellamy. The complication happens every day, and the usual result is, I believe, a decree with costs—and the woman pays. Bellamy is a pompous, priggish person, with a sadly over-estimated value of his own importance. He is sure that he has a career in front of him and he takes his Parliamentary work very seriously. He is rather smitten with Mrs. Hannay, and he thinks it is a pity that she should spend her days in such frivolous pursuits as riding and golfing, when she might be cooped up in a stuffy atmosphere studying blue-books and absorbing faked statistics.

HE has therefore brought her to Mr. Prothero in the hope that that expert gentleman will be able to suggest an easy means of securing a divorce, so that the two may

afterwards be married. Mr. Bellamy cannot take the short road himself because he is a Member of Parliament; and we all know how frightfully careful our M.P.'s have to be in order to avoid being found out.

PROTHERO'S solution of the difficulty is the obvious one. If Bellamy is not disposed to be the co-respondent in the case, some other gentleman must be found who is willing to oblige. It so happens that there is a very likely man on the premises at the moment, one who is young enough to be attractive and old enough to be discreet. He is Dennis Lestrange, a man who has failed picturesquely in many parts of the world, and is now anxious to make a little money in a hurry.

HE is summoned into the sanctum and the case is put before him, after which he agrees to take the risk for five hundred pounds. And as the lady in the case is unusually attractive, he sits beside her at once and praises the dazzling beauty of her eyes, evidently to her satisfaction; and when you speak to a lady in glowing terms about the rare splendour of her shimmering eyes, and she becomes an appreciative listener, the danger zone is already in sight. At least that's what they tell me—or I may have read it somewhere. Obviously I could not have known about it otherwise. Lestrange undertakes to do his best to earn his five hundred pounds quickly. All he asks, however, is that the lady will not look for the usual week-end at Brighton, as to a man of his refined methods such a course would be too awfully commonplace.

SO far, so good—if goodness is in any way apparent. There is no accounting for tastes; and it must be admitted that Mr. Nigel Playfair is remarkably successful with the part of the cynical Prothero, and has many witty lines to speak, at which people laugh unrestrainedly.

WE next come to Heronscourt, the country seat of Mr. Archibald Hannay, who is, perhaps, a bit of an ass, but, nevertheless, a good fellow as well, and they say that when you have a lot of money people are delicately reticent about your intellectual qualities. On the strength of an introduction by the ineffable Bellamy, Lestrange is welcomed at Heronscourt, and becomes quite chummy with his host. In pursuit of his programme he goes riding with Mrs. Hannay, and puts in the rest of his time with her, either on the tennis courts or the golf links. He understands that his job is to make love to Mrs. Hannay with sufficient ostentation to arouse her husband's suspicions, and to leave carelessly about the house compromising letters that will turn those suspicions into evidence.

MEANWHILE Mr. Bellamy, M.P., hovers about the place, an honoured guest of the unsuspecting husband, and urges Lestrange on

from time to time to greater effort and more palpable results. Mr. Hannay, good, easy man, has quite taken to young Lestrange. Mrs. Hannay's health has much improved since she has spent so much time in the open air, and Hannay is grateful to him accordingly.

IT is commonly alleged that our social life has been a little lax of late. They put it down to the War, when the Ten Commandments were laid away in lavender for a while. But I don't think we ever went quite as far as this, did we? It is not surprising to find that even Lestrange, badly as he needs the money, becomes after a time disgusted with his job, especially as he is gradually falling in love with Joyce Traill, the niece of Mr. and Mrs. Hannay, and is in a fair way to end the adventure by becoming a member of the family. It is this little attachment of his that leads to a rather dramatic surprise in the third act, though the scene is a little too scrappy to be entirely convincing. Of course, the pretty conspiracy engineered

by Mr. Prothero is nipped in the bud, but it is not at any time a very nice thing to think about.

SUCH attraction as the play possesses is, I think, to be found in the agreeable perfection of the acting. Mr. Dennis Eadie, as the hard-up sinner, is delightfully breezy throughout, and contrives very successfully to show that the task he has undertaken is quite distasteful to him, and that at the first opportunity he will throw up his contract. Miss Hilda Moore handles the difficult part of Mrs. Hannay most capably, and it was easy to believe all the nice things Lestrange said about her wonderful eyes in the first act. Mr. Hubert Harben plays the part of the ridiculous Nigel Bellamy with a nice touch of delicate humour, which is all to the good, and rounds off the pretentious fellow's failings in the gentle spirit of light caricature. Mr. H. G. Stoker as the simple-minded Archibald Hannay is a tower of strength in his quiet, unassertive way; and Joyce Traill is represented with a neat perfection by Miss Stella Jesse.

IN short, the acting throughout is a pleasant revelation; but I think the author, Mr. H. M. Harwood, is a little in advance of his time. JINGLE

A Problem Story

By P. Alexander.

Augustus de Trafford had a country seat, a house in Town, a D.S.O., three motor-cars, a wife, four children, a soft heart, and several other things. This story is about his heart, and his D.S.O.

Augustus walked leisurely along a fashionable thoroughfare in London. He saw an ex-soldier pavement-artist, he heard an ex-soldier vocalist, and he patronised an ex-soldier vendor of matches. Then he had a day-dream. He retraced his steps, and sought an audience with the artist.

"Isn't it cold, sitting here all day?"

"Cold, mate! I'm froze."

"Lost your old job?"

"Yes, mate, like a good many more."

"Would you like another job?"

"I'd like to see it."

"What's your trade?"

"Ain't got a trade, unless its soldierin'."

"If I paid you a decent wage, would your come and work for me in the country, cutting down little trees and doing odd jobs?"

"But 'ow do I know you ain't jokin'?"

"Oh, I'm not joking by any means. Here's my address, and here's a pound for your fare, and here's ten shillings for yourself. Will you come next Monday? Ask to see me, and I'll set you to work. Eight hours a day, and you'll be paid enough to give you a better time than you had in the army, or have had since."

"Can I bring my wife and kids?"

"Yes, a bit later when you're quite sure you'll like the job."

Augustus de Trafford approached the singer, and waited respectfully while the last bars of a modern melody ran their troubled course. The vocalist, seeing Augustus return, was about to show his appreciation by a new outburst when his patron stepped up to him.

"Isn't it monotonous, singing all day?"

"Monotonous. It is indeed, sir. But there's nothin' else a chap like me can do."

"How many children have you got?"

"Children! I ain't married."

"Well, have you got a trade?"

"No, sir, only a casual one."

Would he like a real job? Yes. When could he start? At a moment's notice. Could he saw wood, or do just a little digging? Never tried it, but "just give me the chance, I'm quick at pickin' up things." He held out an eager hand, and tried to express his gratitude for the one pound rail fare, and ten shillings incidental expenses. He called Augustus "a toff, a proper toff."

The Samaritan accosted the vendor, who became apprehensive, thinking Augustus had returned for his change. After a few words and the thirty shillings had been exchanged, his misgivings gave place to demonstrative protestations of gratitude and loyalty that embarrassed his benefactor.

"I'll be down by the first train," said the merchant. "No, guv'nor, my missus don't bother me now. I lost 'er ten years ago."

"And you haven't married again?"

"No, guv'nor, why should I? She's still alive. We 'ad a row."

He put his stock-in-trade in his pocket, touched his cap, and dived into a side street.

Augustus de Trafford returned to his country seat. He sat in his studio and thought of the inconsistencies and inequalities of life. If only every one who had the power took under his wing one or two of those who needed shelter, then surely the world would be less ugly. He thought of France, and felt again some of his old veneration of those who had fought with him. He was proud of his D.S.O. He would never, never forget the day when he won it. He had tried very hard to express his full sense of gratitude to those who had rallied round him. He felt that his thanks then had been of little avail—that he had said just the obvious thing, and that they had not understood him. But now he really *had* done something. He would watch these men at work, and talk to them about France. He felt quite happy.

VERY HOPEFUL!

"So you want to marry my daughter. What are your prospects?"

"Well, Sir, I have a wealthy bachelor uncle, sixty-five years old, who has just taken up aviation."

Monday arrived, and Augustus de Trafford made everything ready. By noon, they had not come. Still, there were three more trains in the afternoon. But twilight fell; and then darkness, and with the night the heart of Augustus grew heavy. The artist, the singer, the vendor, each had given his word that he would come! They had failed him. Why? Well, they had failed him because . . . . But this is a problem story.

Do You Know What This Is?

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

IT'S A PORTRAIT OF AN EMPLOYED, EMPLOYED IN GUARDING THE ONLY EMPLOYMENT OF THE UNEMPLOYED

The GRAND NATIONAL

BY ARTHUR W. COATEN

Photograph *W. W. Rouch*

DAYDAWN

Who should give a good account of himself at Aintree. He has been trained by Frank Hartigan, and will be ridden by Jack Anthony

The Race as a Spectacle

No real lover of racing would care to miss the Grand National if he could help it, and we can depend upon seeing another enormous gathering at Aintree next week. It is one of the greatest sporting spectacles of the year. Sometimes it is compared in attractiveness with the Derby at Epsom, but the two races are so utterly different in type that the comparison between them must be futile. One thing is certain: you get much more excitement for your money at Aintree than you do at Epsom. At every jump—and there are thirty of them—you have incidents which stir the emotions, leaving the keen spectator a little limp with the tension of it all by the time the end is reached.

That First Fence

What, then, must be the feelings of the riders in the greatest of all steeplechases? Picture that tumultuous rush to the first fence, which is encountered before the horses have properly settled down. Fortunately it is one of the least difficult jumps in the course, yet it has often proved the grave of the highest hopes. Last year, for example, Poethlyn, whom many believed to be unbeatable and who was one of the hottest favourites on record, failed to get over this first jump.

A Terrific Journey

YES, the Grand National must necessarily have its doleful side for some. But we have no time to commiserate with the disappointed ones as we watch the survivors making their way over the formidable line. Six fences from the start comes the famous Becher's Brook, with a natural brook on the far side of a tremendous rampart. A little later comes one of the nastiest obstacles of all, the "Canal turn" fence, 5ft. 1in. high, with a six-foot ditch on the take-off side. Next, Valentine's Brook, very much like Becher's, and so they go on until the Open Ditch and the Water Jump are reached close to the Stands. Away they go again for a second round of this terrific journey. By this time the field has thinned materially, and there are riderless horses to cause confusion to those which have not met with mishap.

BALLYBOGGAN

Together with his stable companion, Old Tay Bridge, are looked upon as very likely to be "placed"

The Crowd's Enthusiasm

YOU may well raise a cheer for every horse that completes the course, for that in itself is no small achievement. As for the winner—well, just dive into the paddock and watch the reception he receives. For those associated with the winner it is a wonderful time. You no longer wonder why sportsmen set such store upon owning, training, or riding a Grand National winner. It is one of the experiences of a lifetime.

Photographs THE BORE [*W. W. Rouch*

Whose chances of success in the Grand National are very favourable

This Week's Struggle

THIS week we are promised an extraordinarily open race. Since Always was scratched neither public nor bookmakers have been able to settle upon a real favourite, and it is generally regarded as a struggle in which "anything may happen." Let us hope that the conditions will be more favourable than they were last year, and that the best horse at the weights will escape bad luck and so place his name on the honourable scroll of Grand National winners. A. W. C.

CARICATURES BY "THE TOUT"

For further details and "Carbine's" tips see page 600

Truths & Trifles

"ENGLAND EXPECTS . . . !"

(*"Why should not men know the thrill of gay attire?" asks the designer of "New Age Clothes for Men."*)

In the prim and Victorian past
Men's clothing was dull and depressing—
It shielded shorn lambs from the blast
By making them unprepossessing.
Mankind simply had to be horribly clad,
In most uninspiring material;
From the cradle to grave both the king and the knave
Were condemned to wear garments funereal.

But now a philanthropist who
Is bent on reforming our vesture,
In launching his bolt from the blue
Points out with a pitying gesture—
Man should (and he will) know the exquisite thrill
Of attire not Quakerly quiet,
But he can't till he wears the exotic affairs
In which liveliest colours run riot!

So it seems that the time's drawing near
When fashions will undergo changes;
New raiment will shortly appear
In shades which have infinite ranges.
No Chloe again will be heard to complain
To her Strephon: "You ARE such a plain beau!"
On the contrary, she will grow pallid and flee
When his "reachmedowns" rival the rainbow!

E. L. ROBERTS

BY FRANK R. GREY

"COME, GENTLE SPRING! ETHEREAL MILDNESS! COME"
—THOMSON, *The Seasons*

FROM OUR PESSIMIST

THE luxurious manner in which the German Delegates were entertained at the Savoy suggests that we did not actually win the War, but have had it attached to us for rations and discipline.

* * * *

THE open season for strikes is now on, and a few Unions still have vacant dates.

* * * *

A WILLESDEN watchmaker has taken two years to mend a watch. Mr. Illingworth is understood to have offered him an important position in the G.P.O.

* * * *

A HAMPSTEAD garage displays the invitation—"Stop here for free inflation." A similar notice might with reason be posted outside the House of Commons.

* * * *

THE mystery of the house-hunter who burst a blood-vessel in Whitehall the other day has now been cleared up. It appears that he had just passed Dr. Addison.

* * * *

SUMMER-TIME comes into force on April 2. As a result, unemployment in the umbrella and mackintosh trades is on the decrease.

* * * *

A FILM company advertises in the *Times* for a number of persons "possessing a wealth of self-expression." The Bargees Union is believed to be taking the necessary steps.

VERY BLIND!

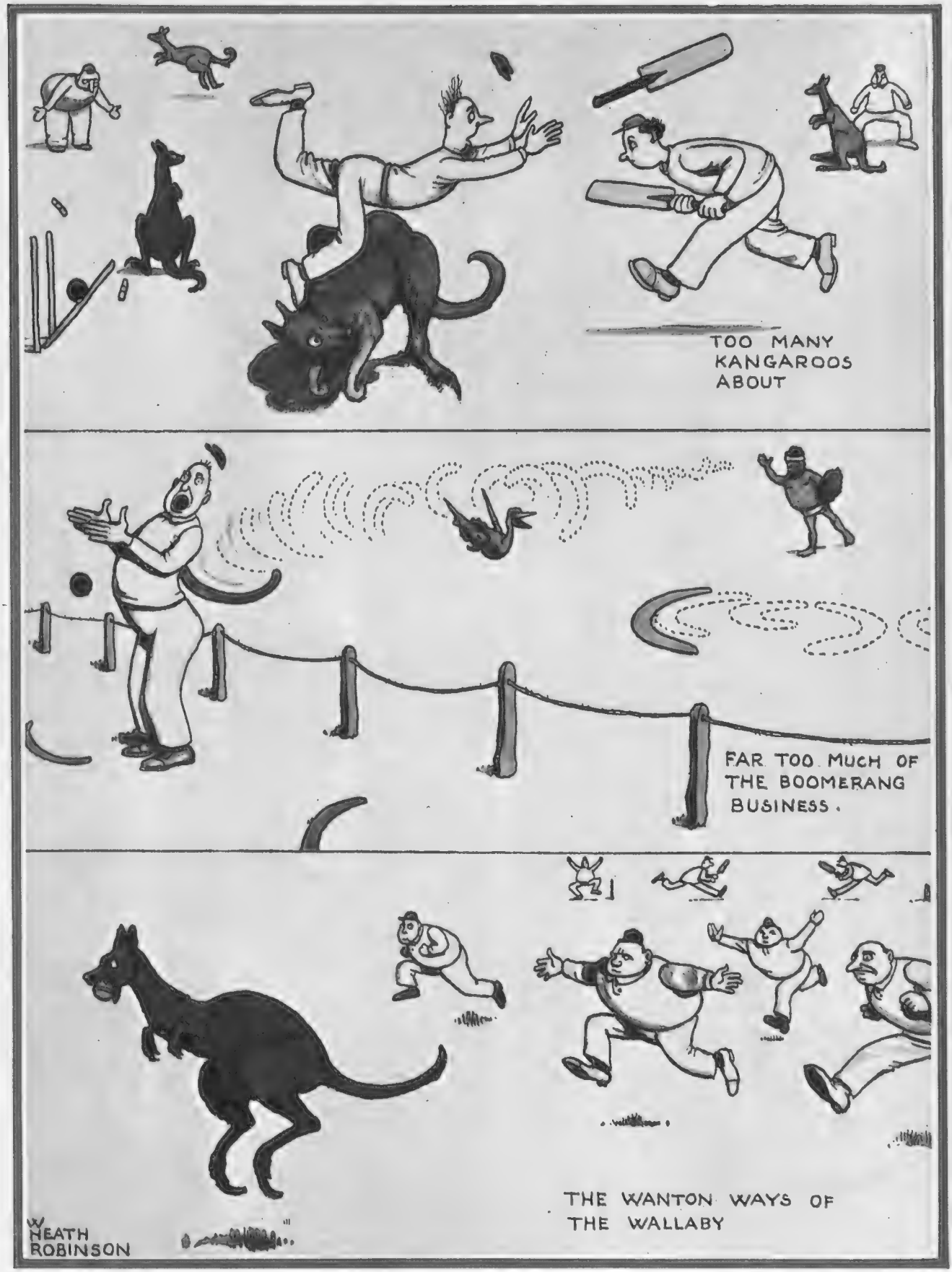
BY STAN TERRY

DOROTHY (*who has just been punished*): "Mother, did the new baby have its eyes open when it was born?"

MOTHER: "No, Dorothy, he didn't."

DOROTHY: "I thought so. If he had, he'd never have come to this house!"

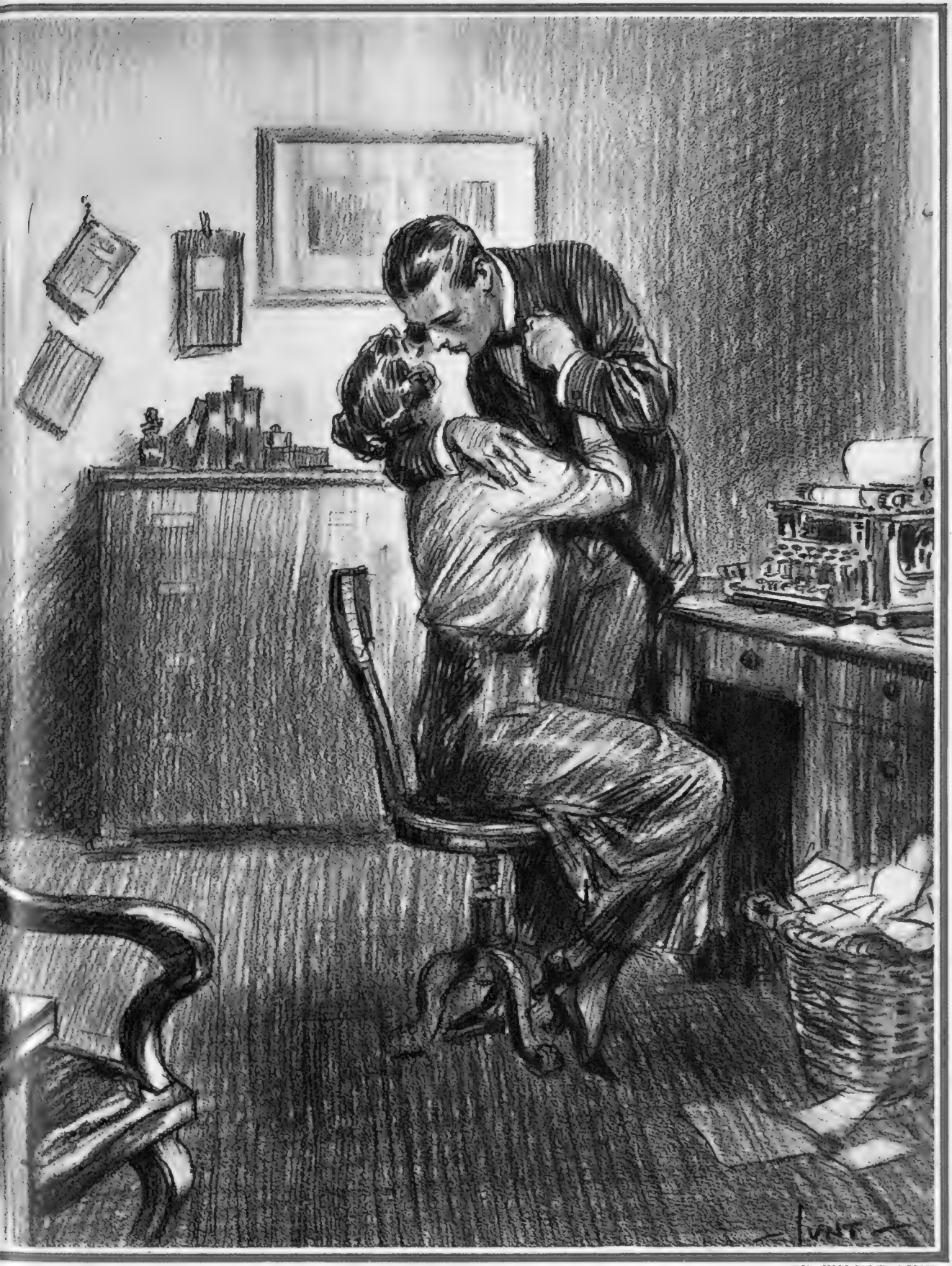
"Why We Lost"



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

SOME OF THE THINGS THAT MADE CRICKET SO DIFFICULT FOR ENGLISHMEN IN AUSTRALIA

"NUMBER

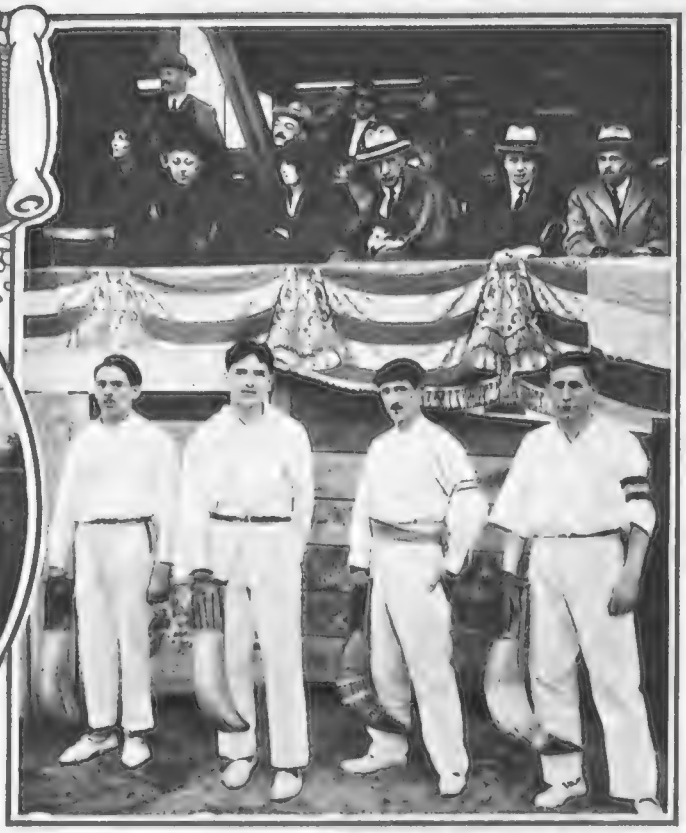


BY WILMOT LUNT

ENGAGED"

The Season at Biarritz

THE COMTE DE MAILLÉ
Master of the Biarritz Hunt with Baron de l'Espée at a recent meet



FIELD-MARSHAL SIR HENRY WILSON
Watching with keen interest a game of pelota, which is played a great deal at Biarritz

Photographs *Etienne, Biarritz*

A MEET OF THE BIARRITZ DRAG HOUNDS

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN.

"When they have crossed the Place Vendôme"

THE PASSING OF THE SILK STOCKING

MES AMIS—

IT is the fate of the gods of the people to fall from their pedestal. To this rule there does not seem to be the exception. They have their little week of popularity, in the which they have been able to do no wrong. And then they pass into the long years, in the which they can do no right. We have seen the instances of President Wilson, M. Venizelos, and our own *vieux Clemenceau*. And now we have the victim which makes, perhaps, the most surprise of all. It is the stocking of silk.

THE reign of the *bas de soie* has begun with the *munitionaire*. It has climbed to heights of the dizziest fame. It has been discussed most solemnly by the Chamber of Deputies. Has even been the subject of a Bill. At one time it has provoked an alternative fashion to wear the bare leg as a protest against the extravagant price. And often have there been the denunciations of the bishops and the canons. But now it has fallen from the grace of the *chic*, and is too insignificant to incur the disgrace of the censure.

FOR the stocking of silk has become cheap. It is possible to purchase at ten francs a pair. One may even discover at fr. 8.50. And that price does not even tempt the envy of the *paysanne* turned *concierge*. When a pair has been priced at 200 francs, and even then has only been possible to obtain by influence, it has been everybody who has worn them. The *midinettes* of the Rue de la Paix, who have not earned so much money in a week, have shown quite as much *bas de soie* when they have crossed the Place Vendôme on their way to go home, as Madame Leplusriche, the wife of the most wealthy *profiteur*, and more than the Duchesse de Pur-sang, who for two reasons has had to give the example of economy. There is, of course, the possibility that the duchesses will now be able to afford the stockings of silk. And it thus may be that they will be saved from the entire death. But the duchesses have generally the habit to wear the *jupes longues*, and it is not easily possible to see if they have the *bas de soie* or the *bas de laine*.

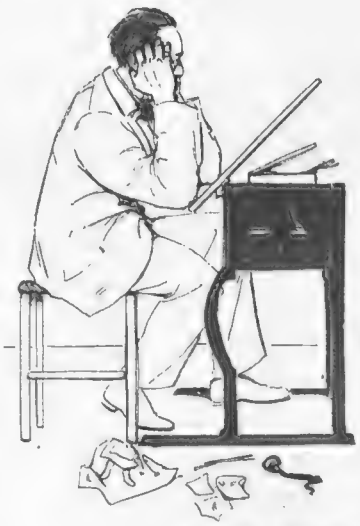
En tout cas, the stocking of silk is *passé* for the fashionables. It may recover if it succeeds once more to climb to the top of the scale of price. But now that the *flâneuse* has no more risk to be *déshonoré* as she would if she had to confess that she could not afford the *bas de soie* at the time that it has been dear, it has for her lost all the interest. It is *bien féminin*.

"And that price does not even tempt the envy of the *paysanne*"

BUT the fall of the stocking of silk, at least, should permit the escape from such accidents as the one which has occurred in the "Metro," when a lady has boxed a gentleman on the ears. He has not really deserved the chastisement, but he has been so discreet as to descend at the next station. And though the watchers have felt that the lady has had wrong, yet she has had the majority of the sympathy. For she is pretty and young and *blonde*. It is like this.

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

As soon as the lady has taken her seat opposite the gentleman, she has followed what has been the fashion in the crowded "Metro" at the height of popularity of the *bas de soie*—she has crossed one leg over the other. No one has had any objection to that. Certainly not the gentleman *en face*, for the crease in his trousers and the cut of his *complet* has shown that he has an admiration for the beautiful. Like everyone else who has witnessed, he has been quite ready to agree that the *bas de soie* of the newcomer possess of the utmost charm and that there is no flaw to be discovered in the perfection of the mould. If she had invited he would have said also that the little shoes were distinctly *mignon*. But of course he has not been invited. Instead the lady, after a little while, has changed the cross. Unfortunately while she has proceeded to carry out this reversal of the pose, she has brushed one of the little shoes against the impeccable crease and has spoiled the appearance by depositing a little of the mud which she has gathered in the dirty street. The *Monsieur, bien habillé*, has been annoyed and though he has not wished to appear in the bad temper, he has thought it is a *faux pas* which should not pass without a slight rebuke. So he has taken out of his pocket a silk handkerchief of blue and carefully has dusted off the mud. He has believed that he has observed the tact, but the young and not experienced *blonde* has not so thought. She has had the anger the most impetuous and has surprised all the people by giving him at once a *gifle*. Then the gentleman has had the real tact. He has not said a word, but at the first station he has changed the compartment. And so the *petite*, much mortified, has burst into the tears, to feel that she has been so unkind and rude. And everyone has understood and sympathised.



"Nothing inspiring"

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But now, if all the dainty ones give up to wear the *bas de soie* and cover up their charms with the dull cotton or the unalluring wool, no doubt this habit of the leg-cross will be *passé* also. It certainly will not be so *agaçante* if it should be done in such manner to display only the pretty *chaussures*. But, *après tout*, has not de Musset said, " . . . *quand on voit le pied le reste se devine*." There is this to be said in favour from the feminine point of view. The possessor of a pair of *mignons souliers* will receive the benefit of the doubt as to the rest. And not all the silken stockings in the world could compensate for some of the *chevilles* one has recently been forced to contemplate.

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It may even be that with the disappearance from the favour of the silken hose there will come a return to the morals of the other days—even to the days of the red flannel petticoat. *Quel rêve*. But I scarcely think that a revolution so terrible is at all probable. I rather feel that something will be done to restore the popularity of the *bas de soie*. Perhaps by the forbiddance of the imports, which is the way the price was made to mount so rapidly before. And I am sure the artists will be anxious to do something about it, in order not to be deprived of inspiration. What can Marcel draw inside a *bas de laine*? Nothing inspiring, *n'est-ce pas*?

ROLAND.

"By giving him at once a *gifle*."

BY WYNDHAM ROBINSON

"THE BEAUTEOUS SPRING TO YELLOW AUTUMN TURN'D"—*Shakespeare*

Peace, Perfect Peace

Extracts from the Diary of an International Warrior

BY ERIC GORDON

BERLIN, *January*, 1920. — Peace ratified at last. End of the War to End War. Cables from Versailles "Everything in the garden's lovely." Is it—hell! My job's gone. Burn my Otto's Grammar, and countermand my order for Ludendorff's Reminiscences. Wash starch out of my hair and let it grow. Why can't nations be sensible and keep on quarrelling?

TRENTINO, *February*.—Ars longa—bellum longer. Berliner Blatherblatt announced "Poet defies *Entente*." Buy Nugo's Italian Course, a guitar, a pound of garlic, and Toselli's "Serenata." Also (by mistake) "Paradise Regained." (Later.) Fighting (and pay) rather too dilatory for my liking—this apathy in serious matters fairly makes me Fiume at the mouth. Swop "Paradise Regained" for "Inferno."

BERLIN, *March*.—Thanks to thee, Kapp, all is not "kaput." Swopped my Nugo, guitar, and Dante for German course on the Whirlit system, bust of ex-Kaiser and dachshund. Replace starch in hair—also moustache. Bought iron cross, cheap, stamped on back, "Souvenir aus Cöln for Tommee." Vat a pizness!

FRANKFURT-ON-MAINE, *April*.—Vive la France! Pawn the Imperial Bust, dachshund, and iron cross for a Christy Minstrel outfit and arrive in Frankfurt as a Senegalese. Offer my services to Berlin as spy amongst French Colonials. French withdraw without warning—me, anyhow. Painful scene with my landlord next day. No use explaining to him and the damned stuff wouldn't wash off. Wish I'd kept the dachshund.

ODESSA, *May*.—Hurrahsky! Cheeriovitch. Pawned my late landlord's watch and chain and bought a fur capsky and knout. Accepted as chief spy by the Bolsheviki—also by the Poles. Quite easy, as no one worries about uniform in this little war, but two reports daily is a bit of a strain on the imagination.

ATHENS, *June*. — Vodka is all right—applied internally—rotten externally as an all-day bath with prospect of furnishing *pièce de résistance* at a living torchlight tattoo at dusk. Still, it was careless to get those reports in wrong envelopes. One thing, my Bolshie nose still useful here—must give the devils their Jews. Greek Premier announces "This is a war to end—Turkey."

ASIA MINOR, *July*. — Turkey ended. Rotten luck. Still, there's always Ireland—that never ends.

SOUTH RUSSIA, *August*. — Wangled Wrangel for a job. Dear old country, Russia, where every prospect pleases and every man is vile.

ROME, *September*.—Battalion Commander, Syndicalist Army of Italy. Wish they'd syndicalise a little pay. My C.-in-C. promised me weekly 2,000 lire—and echo answers—Liar.

ATHENS AGAIN, *October*. — Am engaged (*a*) to assassinate Tino; (*b*) ditto Venizelos, and (*c*) and (*d*) to track down and arrest myself in each capacity. As home employment, am submitting nice little reports on (*a*) to Paris, and (*b*) to Berlin. Am so glad secret diplomacy was abolished. Everything as clear as mud here.

CORK, *November*.—Must avoid mixing my rôles — and my drinks. Under influence of assorted Grecian cocktails got up and denounced myself as a Venizelist (with full description and home address) in a Tinoist café. Led the Tinoists to arrest myself, but was identified by landlady. Most unfortunate. Can't understand why Grecians were ever considered effeminate. Machine-gunning regimental "Soccer" matches and shooting sleeping officers in hotels quite a pleasant relaxation here.

EN ROUTE FOR BERLIN, *December*.—Good old Bernhardi—turned up trumps again with new book on "Germany and the Next Dozen Wars." Fine, spirited fellow—doesn't make one anxious, either, by calling them Wars to end Wars. Meantime, have offers from Persia, Hungary, and Roumania to lend a hand over the season of Peace and Goodwill. But I'm all for a dull, but useful life, where those Bolos are concerned. No more "illuminating incidents"—might be a human Christmas-tree this time!

VILNA, *January*, 1921.—This beats the band! Doing "Intelligence" for the campaign against Lithuania by — the League of Nations! How I misjudged that body. It only wants capital—without principles—to become a howling success.

RUHR VALLEY, GERMANY, *February*.—Business booming. Reparation bill presented—and resented. Am busy (1) listing best billets for French advance, and (2) placing explosives in mine-workings ready for German retreat. After drawing maximum sum obtainable for each job, shall sell my notes (1) to German billet owners in time for them to make billets quite uninhabitable, and (2) to French, so that they can save the coal. After all, I have a conscience!

(Later.) Japan announces she won't want England when she fights America. No matter. She or the States will want *me*.

Why doesn't somebody start a War to end Wealth?

By "ZOOCH"

THE GARDEN OF "OHIO"

(Dr. George C. Allen of Brooklyn, has proved by scientific research that Adam and Eve dwelt on the banks of what is now the Ohio River)

Adam: "Say, kid! I guess you might give me a bite of that apple"

Things That Never Happen

OCCUR REGULARLY ON THIS PAGE

BY VICTOR HICKS

LENIN AND TROTSKY RETIRE FROM KEEPING THE WORLD AT WAR TO KEEPING DOVES IN PEACE

Cheap and Safty Justice

BY THE BYSTANDER IN BERLIN

THE Berlin Bystander is deep in Germanic litigation. All Prussland is suing him, and he is suing it. It's post-War litigiousness. Before the So-Called War, the B.-in-B. messed it for years in widely differing purlieus of Wicked-Wilhelmsland, and never even had a writ for a synthetic ruby tiepin. To-day writs fly at him. And from him, to tell the truth. The reason is that Prussic Justice tempts you by its almost vicious cheapness. The poorest tramp takes to it as greedily as he'd take to drink if port was a bob a bottle, as he'd take to love if maximum breach-of-promise damages ("The plaintiff was much affected") were seven-tenths of a Bradbury.

NATURALLY every man in post-War Prussland goes redundantly to law. In the B.-in-B.'s shiny upper-lower-middle-class flatlet for four moons of vanished 1920 camped a decorator, an electrician, a plumber, and a carpenter from Zanzibar. The B.-in-B. faithfully paid up all he'd agreed to pay them—he paid them fifty per centlets more. But all, the Zanzibaree-Pruss excepted, sued him. They were lured by the cheapness of litigation. And then the B.-in-B. made an unexpected discovery—that while Prussic Justice is ultra-supernally cheap, it is also microscopically scanty. You get what Justice you pay for. The judges are ill-paid and smothered in work; the lawyers—*die Herren Rechtsanwälte*—have office expenses twenty-fold greater than before the So-Called War, but can only charge their pre-War six and eight-pences; and everything that has to do with JUSTICE is cheap as a Nurnberg tin train. So the high aim of Justice is to save itself trouble, to shirk, scamp, ca'canny, evade, and send litigants to the devil; and in the end you get such inconceivably cheap JUSTICE that you get no JUSTICE at all.

THE Decorator began against the B.-in-B. with almost Ludendorffian fierceness. He sent a writ of seventy typewritten pages, propounding everything about the ART OF DECORATION known since Greek Plotinus wrote his *Apartment Beautiful*, and ending with a vow that the B.-in-B. would be forced on oath in the witness-box to admit all the things in the writ. *Der Eid werde ihm zugeschoben!* The B.-in-B. collected a battery of oaths (some expletive), and expected a thrillful feud. But it petered miserably out. The B.-in-B's lawyer communicated that since the So-Called War the Courts never hear evidence. They read the *Klage* (which is both writ and statement of claim); they read the defence; and then decide. "They have no time to go into cases." The B.-in-B. next discovered that Prussic lawyers have no time to go into cases. For his own lawyer (two weeks after the issue had gone to the Court) made certain innocent remarks which proved that he had not read either the *Klage* or the B.in-B.'s defence.

THE B.-in-B. concluded that his "Rechtsanwalt" was a particularly vicious lawyer; and he complained to the communicative Pruss. "But he will only be allowed to charge you 217 marks," said the Pruss. "If you will have CHEAP JUSTICE. . . ." He added that it was entirely a matter of chance who won the case. It would not pay anyone to read the documents, much less listen to rival oral evidence on the Art of Decoration; and that, said the Pruss, is a very good kind of JUSTICE, for you have equal chances. It's like tossing a ten-pfennig piece. "In what other country has a litigant a full half-chance of coming out victorious?"

THE writs *from* the B.-in-B. are equally inexpensive. They consist of appeals against taxation. As mild Finance Minister Erzberger incontinently dissolved the old Taxation Authorities without troubling to create new ones, it's just a matter of chance whether you're taxed as a pauper professor or as a millionaire writer in THE BYSTANDER. The only thing is to let appeal writs fly. The Taxation Court does not read them; and it's like tossing a ten-pfennig piece whether you win or lose. The B.-in-B. was assessed for two sums of 7,500 marks and 3,253 marks respectively; and the surrogate-for-a-taxation authority added these up neatly as 12,753. As it costs only 13 marks, which is a tame and miserable shilling, to fight taxation claims, the B.-in-B. appealed. He expects to lose the case, as for thirteen marks you can't expect a Taxation Court to consult a ready reckoner. But JUSTICE is extraordinarily cheap.

By C. E. B. BERNARD

"HUSH! I'M A TOMBSTONE!"

A "Divine" Pastime

BY STAN TERRY

"That man making love in the conservatory is a student of divinity"
"So I see—but who is the divinity?"

An Easter Surprise!

Mythology tells of the gifts offered by the elements as worthy of the Deity—a rainbow by Air—a meteor by Fire—a ruby by Earth—a pearl by the Sea, and—it is related—the Pearl found such favour that it was worn on the heart.

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"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

London, MARCH 14

DEAR COUSIN—

EXTRAORDINARY, isn't it, how in the midst of world-shaking crises, of happenings that it would seem ought to make civilisation rock to its very foundations and drive us all to despair or religion or at the very least an acute attack of psycho-analysis, we remain just very much the same as we were before—and probably shall be after, foreverandeveramen?

卐 卐

NOT that I suppose anything should really surprise us after our experiences of the Great War. When, after a few months or so of the most complete and frightful and tragic chaos the world has ever seen, we somehow settled ourselves down again to quite a normal life, only under new conditions, though every hour, every minute, every second, all the principles of law and order and honour and justice and kindness that our lives had till then been built up on were being set at naught and flouted and shattered to little bits.

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BUT all the same it is really rather remarkable, the way life seems to go on, for most of us, along the accustomed channels, whatever happens, and how always and even while history is most momentously in the making, *plus ça change plus c'est la même chose*. Fortunately, perhaps, or how would the world go on at all? After all, if we let a mere little matter like the peace of Europe or the future of industry upset our digestions or our appetites, or interfere with our sleep or our love-making, wouldn't be anyone left soon, would there, to deal with even the biggest problems that ever were?

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CRITICAL enough, it seems, most ways, the general position of things just now, what with the Hun indemnity troubles, and more revolutions and things in Russia, and all sorts of ominous threats here in our own England now of a new and more than ever serious *impasse* with the miners, and the shipping trade, as some one puts it, "on the verge of disaster," not to mention the perilous prospect of a cut in wages all round. But through it all, the world, as the great Mr. Raymond Hitchcock used to say or sing, goes on just the same, or very nearly—eating, drinking, sleeping, working, loving . . . and especially loving.

"Still go on eating and drinking"

WHICH is, after all, isn't it, the *leit-motif* of most of the things that happen, whatever the cynics or politicians may say—

> Love, that is first and last of all things made,
> The light that has the living world for shade . . .
> Love, that keeps all the choir of lives in chime;
> Love, that is blood within the veins of time—

as Swinburne, that great poet of those two great things, love and the sea, once wrote in that greatest of love-poems, *Tristram of Lyonesse*.

"Books, too"

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AND which still continues to be, spite of wars and rumours of wars, and crises and rumours of crises, the inspiration and central note of all the books and plays of to-day, as of yesterday. Saw three plays last week—*The Little Dutch Girl* at the Lyric, *The Tempest* at the Aldwych, and *Love?!* at the Playhouse—and in every one, of course, the theme, the real theme anyway, was . . . love. In musical comedy, needless to say, it always *is* the theme, and perhaps that's partly the reason why musical comedy is so perennially popular in spite of the

counter-attractions of the modern gorgeously dressed and mounted, but, perhaps, rather invertebrate revue. And when the lovers-in-chief are so attractive, as well as tuneful, as Maggie Teyte and Martin Iredale (not to mention the delightfully funny "comic relief" of Lauri de Frece and Jack Hulbert) no wonder this kind of show, that we once imagined to be *démodé*, is going (spite of horrid theatrical slumps in other directions) just as strong as ever.

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Not sure Henry Ainley's Prospero isn't really the most wonderful thing in Viola Tree's (I mean Shakespeare's) *Tempest*—after, of course, the infinitely charming scenes and settings by Hugo Rumbold and others. He was such a dull dog, was old Prospero, and made such long speeches, but from the silver tongue of his handsome interpreter (growing portliness tactfully veiled by flowing and sweeping robes) they sound positively interesting even to the last word. Still, and notwithstanding all the (very Shakespearian) humours of Caliban and Trinculo and Stephano, it's the affairs of the two lovers, Ferdinand and Miranda, that, *au fond*, hold the play together, even if they *are* a sure prize pair of simps, as they'd put it in the U.S.A. As for *Love? !*—well afraid the audience didn't take it *quite* seriously, especially after the lover had lovingly but rather rashly called the lady, in the full publicity of the footlights, his own "peewit" (why not seagull, or, say, woodchuck?) . . . but the principle, after all, is the same.

"They take themselves so seriously authors and dramatists"

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Books, too. In my weekly Mudie ration of the newest novels (newest poetry unobtainable, and forests of Florence Barclays and oceans of Ethel Dells, because "there is no demand for it from our subscribers"—note this, oh! W. H. Davies and Wilfrid Owen and others) it's *l'amour* most refreshingly (oh! yes, I admit it; I'm all for it) that rules. Claire Elstob's *To Be a Woman*, Barbra Dring's *Into the Dark*, Michael Sadleir's *Privilege*—in all these love is not only the pivot, it's almost the one and only motive of everything that happily or tragically comes to pass.

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But are we really, I wonder, influenced in any serious or important way, or any way worth considering, by books and plays? Once more, I wonder. They do take themselves so seriously, don't they? some of the authors and dramatists, and seem to think that the whole future fate of the whole world lies in their hands. . . . Not that for a moment I wish to decry them in any way. Above all things I admire the men, or women, who create something out of nothing. Compared with the manufacturers of screws or condensed milk, who amass millions and peerages and ancestral country seats for their meritorious activities, they are as kings, as gods. But . . .

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Has literature, has the drama, truly the power of "uplift" that some people would have us believe? I'm rather inclined to think, you know, that it's the smaller, closer, less intellectual things that mostly make the difference, among ordinary men and women, anyway. Even the illness of an aunt will affect the life of the average person far more than the production of the most marvellous masterpiece of drama or fiction that ever saw the light.

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Talking of how we "carry on," by the way, London seems to be dancing, anyway, more than ever—undeterred by the ukase of the Tonbridge councillor, who condemns it as a most immoral pastime and declares that 50 per cent. of the young men who go to public dances go "to prey on young girls." Well, well. . . . Most of the preying, or pushing, or shoving for partners that most of us have come across hasn't been altogether on the part of the young men. But (as George Robey or someone says) let that pass.

"Dancing more than ever"

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I'm asked to tell you, by the way, of a special charity football match between the 'Spurs and a team of Star Variety Artistes, in aid of the Prince of Wales's Hospital and the Variety Artistes' Benevolent Fund, to be held to-morrow, Thursday, at the Tottenham Hotspur's football ground. It should be worth watching. And another good work warmly patronised in the same Royal quarter, for which it would not be at all a bad investment to spend a few superfluous shillings, is the wonderful St. Dunstan's Home for men blinded in the war. *The Prince of Wales's Book*—with any amount of most excellent pictures of his tour in the States, Canada, the West Indies, and Australasia—has just been published, and St. Dunstan's will benefit by every copy sold. Shall us buy one? Let's.

With love, yours ever,

Blanchette

Our Peace-Time Air Force

BY LIEUT.-COL. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

THE REMAINS OF THE NOW DEFUNCT MARINE SECTION

Photograph *Central News*

THE CAMBRIDGE EIGHT AT MARLOW

During the second stage of their training at Marlow which ended last week Cambridge, free from the vicissitudes experienced by their rivals at Henley, made satisfactory progress. Now that both crews are appearing on the tideway it will be interesting to see whether Oxford can make up their lost ground between now and the 30th.

Sports & Pastimes

ATHLETICS

Oxford or Cambridge?

THE 'Varsity Sports, which are due to be held at Queen's Club next Saturday, present —to borrow from the language of the Turf—a very open appearance, and a comparison of the recent performances of the rival competitors does not yield anything very conclusive, so that it looks as if we are in for a thoroughly exciting afternoon's sport. There are three events which look like being certainties for Oxford. They are the Hammer, in which M. C. Nokes has beaten the Oxford record; the Hurdles, in which W. A. Trowbridge, the amateur champion, is almost in a class by himself; and the Weight. Oxford should also win the Three Miles with E. A. Montague, though Cambridge have a very useful man in W. T. Marsh, who beat W. R. Seagrove, the Blue, in the Cambridge Sports.

Rudd's Responsibilities

AT the moment of writing I do not know in how many events B. G. D. Rudd, the Oxford President, will turn out. Last year, it will be remembered, he appeared in the Hundred, the Quarter, the Half, and the Long Jump. This year he is dropping the Long Jump, but is running for a certainty in the Hundred and the Quarter. In the Hundred he is up against two fine sprinters in G. M. Butler, the Cambridge President, and H. M. Abrahams (who was first string for Cambridge last year). There is so little in it between the three that the race should go to the one who gets off best, and may result in a dead-heat. In the Quarter Rudd and Butler are again opposed; it is, perhaps, Rudd's best distance, and I expect him to win, though possibly by inches only. A very great deal, in short, will depend upon Rudd and upon the sort of form he is in.

Photograph *Sport and General*

J. W. M'D. PARR

Winner of the Dover College steeplechase. There was a very big field for the race, which is regarded as an event of great importance at the College

Photograph *Sport and General*

H. W. KERR

Winner, for the second time, of the Half-Mile at Eton. In spite of a strong wind he covered the distance in the excellent time of 2 min. 3 sec. A. D. Kinloch, the winner of the mile, was third

The Chances Weighed

WHETHER Rudd runs in the Half or not I am giving this race to E. D. Mountain, the Cambridge first string, who is even better than he was last year, and is going to be a really great runner. Cambridge should also win the Long Jump, and—though this is more problematical — the Mile, whilst the High Jump appears to be anybody's event, and may, like the Hundred, yield a tie. On the whole, therefore, the odds are slightly in favour of Oxford. They have three practical certainties and one probable—the Three Miles. Cambridge, on the other hand, seem to have one certainty, the Long Jump, and two probables, the Half Mile and the Mile. The Quarter, the

(Continued on page 598)

The Royal Assent in English Sport

Photograph] H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK *[Central News*

who attended the Association football match between the Army and the R.A.F. at Stamford Bridge last week. He is here seen shaking hands with the R.A.F. team, who were the winners

Photograph] AT A MEET OF THE QUORN *[Topical Press*

The Duke of York had his first outing with the Quorn Hunt last week when they met at Ingarsby Old Hall, the seat of Major J. E. Viccars, with whom he is seen chatting in the picture.

Photograph] THE ENGLISH HOCKEY ELEVEN WHICH BEAT WALES *[Farrington Photo Co.*

There was great rejoicing in the hockey world when it became known that the King intended to witness the International Match between England and Ireland at Beckenham last Saturday. The English team was the same as the above, except that Commdr. T. C. Harbottle and H. M. Kesterton were replaced by C. S. Atkin and A. F. Leighton. Back Row (left to right): H. L. Price, Commdr. T. C. Harbottle, R.N., J. H. Bennett, H. M. Kesterton, H. E. Haslam. Front Row: G. R. Coles, A. D. Stocks, S. H. Shoveller, W. F. Smith, E. B. Crockford, S. H. Saville

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

Hundred, and the High Jump are possibles either way, but in order to win them all three (and they will very likely want them all three in order to win the whole thing) Cambridge must beat Rudd twice.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The Calcutta Cup

NEXT Saturday is also the date of the "Rugger" International between England and Scotland, which is due to be played this year at Inverleith. On form England, of course, should win; but this match is noted for being one that does not always follow the book. The English team are really the stronger team all round, and more especially behind the scrummage, where the presence of two such really great players as W. J. A. Davies and C. N. Lowe should suffice to turn the scale even if the forwards are less effective than they were against Ireland and Wales. And if England does not retain the Calcutta Cup it will be *the* surprise of the season.

RACKETS

A Wonderful Veteran

BY winning the Army Singles Championship at Prince's Club last week, Major-General Sheppard achieved a record which is unlikely ever to be beaten. It was his third win, and although one other player, Lieut. H. Balfour-Bryant, has won the competition thrice, General Sheppard won it for the first time in 1903 (the year of its institution), and for the second, in 1906, so that fifteen years have elapsed since his second win, and eighteen since his first, and he is now fifty-one years of age. To win a championship at such an age in a game which is ordinarily looked upon as a young man's game is, of course, a great feat in itself; it is a triumph of physical fitness as well as of manual dexterity. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that Mr. E. M. Baerlein, the present amateur champion, is over forty.

Photograph *H. Walter Barnett*

MAJOR-GENERAL S. H. SHEPPARD

Who won the Singles Championship of the Army at Rackets for the third time last week at the age of 51

LAWN TENNIS

Paris *v* London

SINCE its institution in 1911 the annual Covered Court match between London and Paris, which is held alternately in the two capitals, has always been won by the home side, and usually by a fairly substantial margin. This is mainly because familiarity with one's surroundings count for more in covered court lawn tennis than in any other form of the game. When the match was revived last year in Paris each city had won two contests, and in individual matches London led by two (55 to 53), but Paris won convincingly by 22 matches to 5 in accordance with precedent. The sixth encounter begins to-day (Wednesday) at the Covered Courts Club at Dulwich. It will last till Saturday, and this time it is by no means a certainty that the home side will win. At the Covered Court game the French players are second to none, and the opportunity of paying a visit to Dulwich and seeing what they can do, even on courts which are strange to them, is worth taking. The average age of the London team must be well over forty; two of them are over fifty, but all of them are pretty shrewd hitters of tennis balls. This is an age of wonderful veterans. *Vide* the case of General Sheppard in rackets, cited above. H. S. S.

Photograph **THE ST. HILDA COLLEGE EIGHT** *[Central News*

Starting out for a training spin on the Isis at Oxford. Like the undergraduates the undergraduettes must have their eights races and the crews of the various colleges competing are training with great assiduity. It will be observed that No. 2 for the time being is mainly concerned with beating the camera

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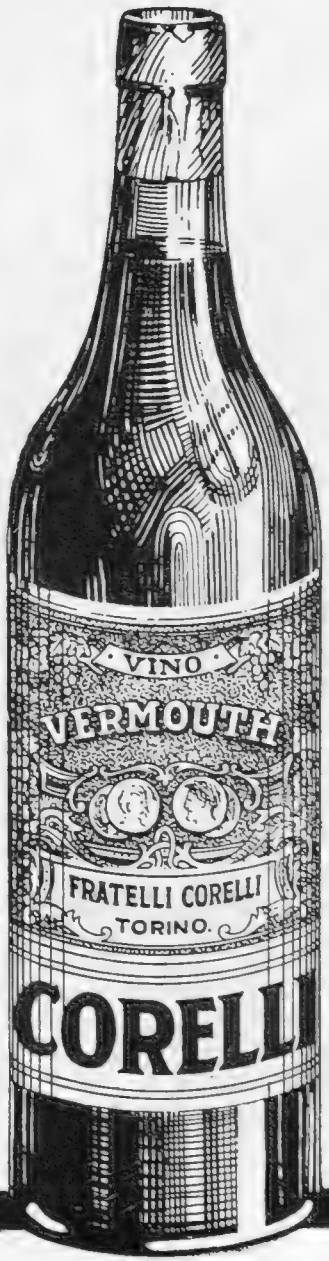

RACING·NOTIONS
BY "CARBINE"

LINCOLN AND GRAND NATIONAL

On the Carholme

UGLY DUCKLING, Corn Sack, or Poltava? Those names, and the great question they imply, will form the raging topic on the Carholme on Wednesday. Of course, there are others in the race. The field, indeed, looks like being one of the largest on record. Yet the outsiders come in for scant consideration. Everybody seems to have made up his mind that one of the three favourites will win. But which? The Duckling "cannot be beaten," say his enthusiastic supporters. Among these are the Irishmen, who are on him to a man. They will assuredly forget Sinn Fein troubles for a while if the Ugly one finishes with his head in front. The Corn Sack party are not so overwhelmingly confident. They are, however, quietly sanguine.

A Probable Winner

THE horse has never been asked a really big question since he went into Morton's stable, but he is known to be forward and well. For the rest, his supporters depend upon his public form, which, they claim, points to the likelihood of Corn Sack proving too good for Ugly Duckling.

The Top Weight

POLTAVA resembles Corn Sack in that he has not been specially tried for the race, but is believed to be at something like his best. And that best, as you know, is something very good. It is suggested that he will not stay the course. How was it, then, that he managed to finish fifth in the Derby? Unless there is a good deal of rain at Lincoln in the forty-eight hours preceding the race the conditions should be ideal for a speedy horse like Poltava. Last year Furious won because he was able to plough through the bog in the first two furlongs better than any of the others; but the ground will be quite different this time. Earna is well fancied by her trainer, Reginald Day, for whose judgment I have great respect, but I don't like mares at Lincoln. In selecting **Corn Sack** as a likely winner, I recommend POLTAVA as a saver each way.

LORD DENMAN By "THE TOUT"

Has been keen on sport between the flags for many years, both as an owner and an accomplished G.R. (gentleman rider). He owns several useful horses, among them "Charlbury," which, it is rumoured, he may even ride himself in the National

At Aintree

AND now for the National! Was there ever a more open race? At the moment of writing, Eamon Beag is a clear favourite, but I suspect that is only because the bookies think there *must* be a favourite of some sort. I look for some lively changes in the betting at the eleventh hour. Tom Coulthwaite has such a big following that it is only necessary for him to speak well of Eamon Beag for many to rush in and back him. The great thing in this horse's favour is his weight. From those at the head of the handicap he is receiving nearly two stone, but that won't help him if he fails at the jumps. We have not seen enough of him to pronounce him a National horse, but Tom should know with his experience of other National winners.

Turkey Buzzard

I SAID last week that Turkey Buzzard might be favourite—if he kept sound. Well, he was put to the test in a big gallop at his training quarters last week and seems to have survived all right. If he comes fit and well to the post I think he will give a fine display in spite of his big burden.

A Likely Winner

OLD TAY BRIDGE has impressed me all along as just the sort of horse for the Grand National. He is of the right age and of the right make-and-shape for the job. "Bob" Gore apparently thinks that he will represent the stable better than Ballyboggan. I had a chat last week about Daydawn with Jack Anthony, who appears to be sweet on his mount, but on their Gatwick form I see no reason why he should beat Old Tay Bridge. Brother Ivor hopes to win on Garryvoe; if he does, his horse will have to improve on the display he gave over the Aintree fences last year. I am sure that The Bore will give Harry Brown another comfortable ride, and you can reasonably back on him being one of the few who will complete the course. I make **Old Tay Bridge** my selection, and suggest THE BORE and TURKEY BUZZARD for places. The Hon. George Lambton expects to win the Spring Cup on Thursday with **March Along**, an event which would give the party at Knowsley good cause for rejoicing.

(A special article on the Grand National, with caricatures, will be found on pages 578 and 579)

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The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

MISS G. B. STERN'S novel, *Children of No Man's Land*, was one of the very few works of fiction to be mentioned in Mr. Wells's *Outline of History*, and it deserved the compliment. It was exceedingly clever, and had an odd pathos of its own. Its successor, *Larry Munro* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), is clever enough, but sadly disappointing. The story is told in that very modern way which can be so difficult to understand. Moreover, the man Kevin, who is supposed to be telling the story, is hopelessly unlike a man. It is true that some men have all the luck while others are forced to watch and nurse their jealousy as well as they can; but Kevin's attitude towards Larry Munro is abnormal and stupid. I can understand him hating Larry most of the time, even while he has more than a sneaking affection for the fellow, but the way he goes on proclaims him to be at best another of those neurotics who seem nowadays so popular with novelists, though surely not with their readers.

❋ ❋

THERE are, in point of fact, two Larry Munros for Kevin to hate — father and son, both as beautiful as the proverbial Greek god—and Kevin's silly mother loves the father, and, after his death, the son. Kevin very naturally disapproves, particularly when a half-brother, Larry the Third, makes his appearance. Presumably he tells his story in the hopes of getting rid of his resentment. There are delightful Cornish scenes in the house of a lady-novelist, but apart from these little enough that was really worth while.

LADY GOWER

The wife of Sir Robert Gower, O.B.E., J.P., of Tunbridge Wells, is the only daughter of the late H. McClellan-Wells of St. Leonards, Exeter, and first cousin to Lord Lee of Fareham, who was recently appointed First Lord of the Admiralty

❋ ❋

IF a method of travelling to the moon were to be really discovered, the first human being to visit that inhospitable globe could be only one man: he would be Mr. Frank Hedges Butler. Let there be anything new in the way of locomotion or discovery, which combines sport and adventure and danger—and you will have Mr. Butler in the van of things. There was a time, not so very long ago, when a motor-car did not exist in this country; but when it came, be sure that Mr. Butler was the owner of about the earliest horseless carriage to parade, not always successfully, the Queen's highway. When a man called Wright appeared in France with a machine

(Continued on page 604)

The end of a Tiring Day—

The Beginning of a Perfect Evening

THE finest mental tonic to counteract the strain of one's daily routine is to listen to fine music, quietly and comfortably.

For this purpose the SONORA GRAMOPHONE has no equal in the world.

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—and the Beginning of a Perfect Evening

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Pearls as an Investment

THE argument that Oriental pearls are an investment is designed to condone the prohibitive cost of wearing them.

The point is, a Necklace of Pearls is a vestment, rather than an investment —something to be worn and enjoyed, not put in a safe deposit box and worried over—an admirable adjunct to beauty but a poor substitute for negotiable securities.

An Oriental Necklace will cost a fortune—a Técla Necklace is within your means—and beyond the orient to improve !

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THE LITERARY LOG (concluded)

much heavier than air which actually flew, Mr. Butler, who, of course, had been ballooning all his life, naturally went over to see, and, as naturally, flew. Once or twice he has given us accounts of these things; now there comes another volume from his pen.

❀ ❀

Fifty Years of Travel by Land, Water and Air (Fisher Unwin: 21s. net) is the cheeriest of books. It shows you its author in all kinds of places and in all sorts of positions—some very pleasant, no doubt, but others very horrible indeed. It brings back to you the sad old days when a gentleman with a red duster was obliged to walk in front of your car and warn the natives of your approach. It introduces you to those other good fellows with whom Mr. Butler has lived and moved and in general enjoyed a fine time. There are other pioneers in the world, but perhaps no one who has gone about things in just Mr. Butler's spirit of ubiquitous enthusiasm.

❀ ❀

THE cinematograph has much to answer for. It is rather strange to find Miss I. A. R. Wylie publishing a "cinematic extravaganza"; but it is pleasant to record that her *Rogues and Company* (Mills and Boon: 8s. 6d. net) is very well done. The man who has lost his memory has, perhaps, been too popular of late, but the hero of Miss Wylie's story has lurid adventures of a kind which keeps you in suspense until the last chapter. You can imagine it all on the films, and very good it will be, for there are all sorts of panoramic affairs, and twists and turns melodramatic, and unexpected by-paths and ingenious explanations. Just the book for that lazy hour before dressing for dinner. R. S.

Photograph *Dorothy Wilding*

MISS LILY FAIRNEY

The popular contralto, who gave a recital at the Æolian Hall last Wednesday. She has now returned to the Coliseum for a short period

The Prince of Wales' Book

Great interest is being manifested in *The Prince of Wales' Book*, which has just been published by Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd., on behalf of St. Dunstan's Hostel for Blinded Sailors and Soldiers. The book is a wonderful picture record of the voyage of the *Renown*, and illustrates practically every phase of His Royal Highness's tours. The Prince is shown as an officer, as a diver, as a "digger," and as an Indian chief. He is seen driving his own train, crossing the Line, being shaved and receiving the Order of the Equatorial Bath, riding at Randwick race-course, at cattle shows, in camp with cowboys, among the Maoris, sawing trees, on the golf links, at football and baseball matches, in a railway accident and down a gold mine, to say nothing of appearing at countless inspections, receptions and banquets.

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Ginger Nuts are good to taste, good to eat, and good for the system.

Three or Four eaten at bedtime will be found very beneficial.

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is also most economical and nourishing because of its perfect purity and concentration.

Best & goes Farthest.

Come and GRAMOPHONE at Keith Prowse

'To gramophone' is a new verb which will soon be in every standard dictionary. It means 'to sit in a comfortable Salon and listen, *without any obligation to buy*, to any record you choose played on any make of gramophone you select.'

'Gramophoning' is an ideal way of spending an idle hour. Obliging attendants play over the newest selections of His Master's Voice, Columbia, Zonophone, Regal and Vocalion Records, on the best makes of gramophone, including The Sonora, His Master's Voice, Columbia, etc. Select a Salon near you from the addresses given opposite and "Come and gramophone at Keith Prowse" *to-day*.

For everything that Music means come to Keith Prowse.

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THE fact that the World's Greatest Artistes choose the Chappell Piano for their public performances has led many to suppose that the cost of the Chappell is beyond the reach of moderate purses.

This, however, is not the case. All over the country, Chappell Pianos can be purchased at strictly competitive prices and on the most convenient terms.

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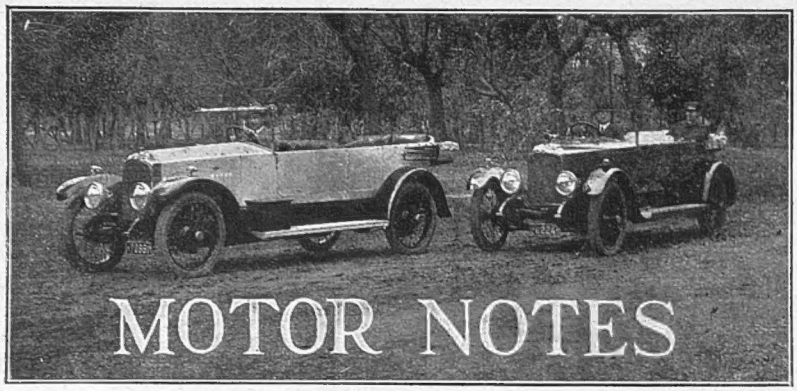

MOTOR NOTES

TWO VAUXHALL-KINGTON CARS
In Palermo Park, Buenos Aires, after completing a trial run

NOBODY likes saying disagreeable things about anybody, leastwise our industry, but I do think the deposit asked for on ordering a motor-car will have to stop after the experience of the motoring public during the past two years. Time after time one reads in the report of the receiver or liquidator of motoring concerns that among the creditors are a number of unfortunate people who have paid deposits for cars that they will never see, or even get their money back. I am reminded of this by the report of the Assistant Official Receiver on the affairs of Butterosi, Ltd., which received £8,685 for deposit on cars, not one of which had been delivered. The failure of the firm was due to the inability of the company to obtain these cars from the French manufacturers owing to financial difficulties, caused by floods and labour troubles at the works. While one sympathises with those concerned on finding themselves in this predicament it does not change my views in regard to the deposit question.

* *
*

IF only the fine weather, as I write these lines, lasts over Easter, what a splendid send off the Brooklands' motor race meeting will have in place of that wet affair we had last year. Brooklands this year should prove more attractive than ever, as no doubt the Grand Prix and Indianapolis "three litre" cars will use it as a training ground. Also there is a race for these 3,000 c.c. cylinder capacity cars on Easter Monday which should be the big sensation of this meeting. Even if the horse-power tax is reduced in the future the three litre cars seem to be the coming 'buses, for they can bustle along at 100 miles per hour on a £21 tax per annum which is less than "tin Lizzie" has to pay. But, mind you, like the tiny Bugatti "ten" that develops about thirty horse-power, you have got to pay for these extra efficient engines as they are somewhat expensive in their first cost.

* *
*

SPRING has also brought us the sales regular bargain markets and a general clear out of stock. I went down to Slough last week, also on another lovely day, and walked—oh! goodness how I walked—miles investigating this wonderful place. Anybody who is a bit of a mechanic and has a pal with a garage can buy the complete components of a nice car there for under £200, which are guaranteed to assemble correctly, so you get a 'bus for very little to hop around on. And touring bodies can be bought cheap nowadays as the coachbuilders have plenty to sell at bargain prices all over the country. As for lorries you can buy at Slough for 500 some wonderfully re-constituted wagons of several makers that really are cheap, so if one could only get fuel back to an equally cheap rate, everything in the garden would be lovely. Still, there are hopes even in this direction, if rumour does not

(*Continued on page 608*)

Special Offer to Motorists!

FREE TRIAL over Easter

of the

Eural (electric) Horn Operator

The Eural Electric Horn Operator consists of a ring easily clipped on to the Steering Wheel, as shown in the illustration. Slight pressure on any part of that ring sounds the horn. It is easily fixed or removed without damaging the car in any way.

It is a great convenience in driving and indispensable in an emergency, as it enables you to sound your horn without moving your hand from the steering wheel, allowing you to

KEEP ONE HAND FREE FOR THE BRAKE

It costs only £3 3 0 in nickel, or £3 5 0 in black nickel, and is sent carriage paid. You or your chauffeur can easily fit it.

So satisfied are we that when once you have tried the Eural Electric Horn Operator, you will realise how indispensable it is to safe and "finished" driving, that every Operator sold is accompanied by an undertaking from the manufacturers to refund the purchase price in full without question, if returned within three weeks of purchase. This will enable you to try it free over the Easter Holidays.

WRITE TO-DAY

for full particulars, or send £3 3 0 for nickel finish, or £3 5 0 for black nickel finish, and the Horn Operator, with full instructions and free trial guarantee, will be sent by return. State year and make of car when writing.

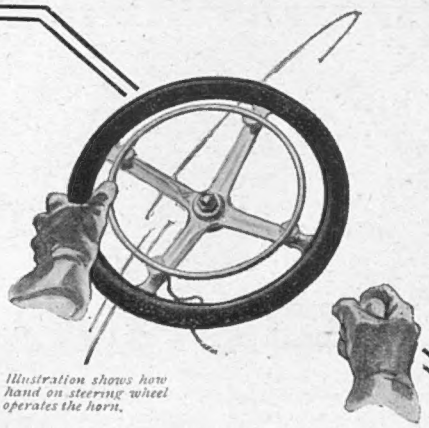

Illustration shows how hand on steering wheel operates the horn.

Ottershaw Park, Surrey.
March 3rd, 1921.

Messrs. Eural Patents, Ltd.

Dear Sirs,

I consider your "Eural" Electric Horn Operator, as fitted to my new Rolls Royce Car, to be one of the most useful motor accessories I have ever handled. To be able to sound the "Klaxon" with a light pressure of the thumb, without removing the hands from the wheel, is, to my way of thinking, the only safe way to drive and take sharp bends, etc.

Driving would be much less worrying if your clever little switch were incorporated on all our cars by the coach builders or chassis manufacturers, for surely even those who now find it too much trouble to give warning of their approach would not object to "twiddling" their thumbs occasionally, if provided with an "Eural."

Do not trouble to answer this letter, as I require no thanks for pushing any device which helps to make motoring safe.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) F. LIONEL KAPSON.

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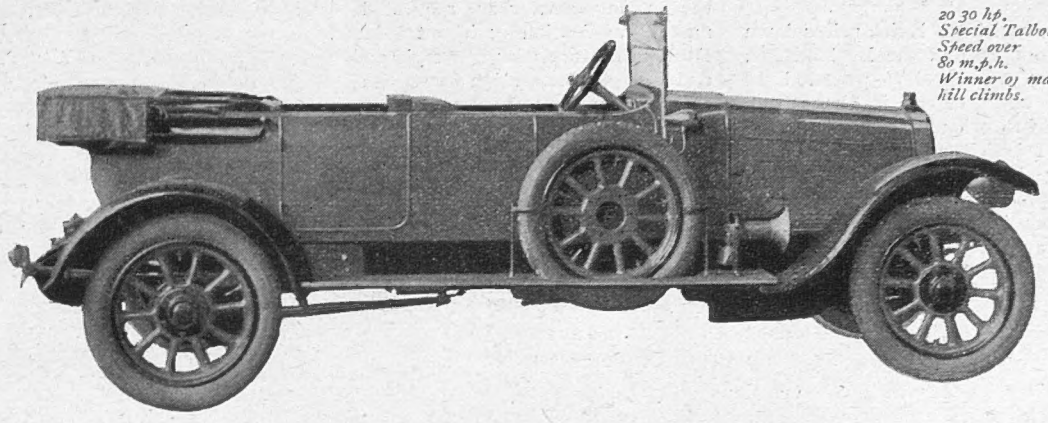
(Members of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders.)



20 30 hp. Special Talbot. Speed over 80 m.p.h. Winner of many hill climbs.

Racing & Sporting Cars for Easter

The famous Talbot Hill Climbers

30 hp. Peugeot,	2-seater body.	Speed over	105 m.p.h.
25 hp. Talbot -	2-seater body.	Speed over	85 m.p.h.
20/30 hp. Talbot	4-seater body.	Speed over	80 m.p.h.
15 hp. Talbot -	2-seater body.	Speed over	85 m.p.h.
12 hp. Talbot -	2-seater body.	Speed over	80 m.p.h.
4½ litre Schneider, 1914 Grand Prix	2-s. body.	Speed over	85 m.p.h.
3 litre Peugeot,	2-seater body.	Speed over	75 m.p.h.
2½ litre Mors 1914,	2-s. body.	Speed over	70 m.p.h.
10 hp. Silver Hawk.	World's Class Record Breaker		

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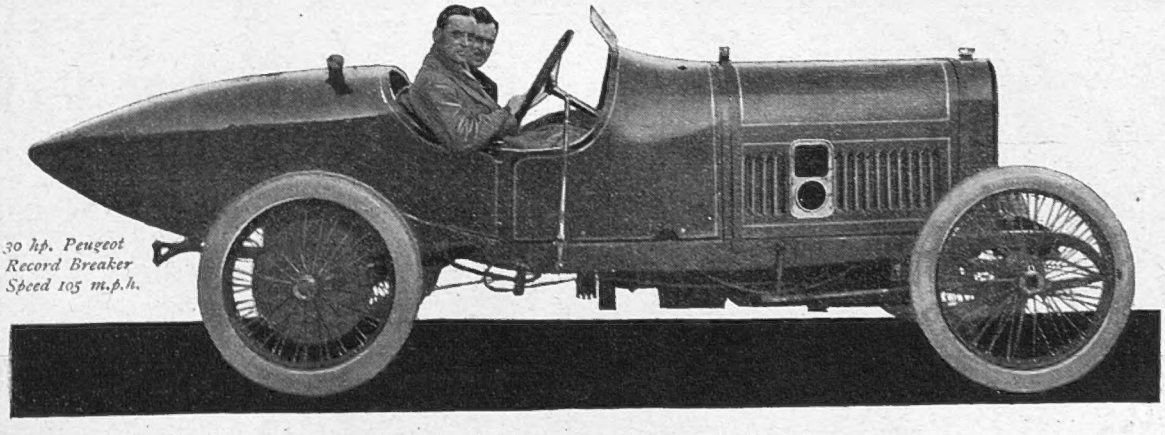


30 hp. Peugeot Record Breaker Speed 105 m.p.h.

J.H.W.

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

prevaricate truth. But you never do know, you know.

* * *

WHAT with the Buick prices down to £745 and the Leyland folk producing a new low-priced light car—the cheapest car in the world, according to friend Henry Spurrier's claims—I believe the motor industry is fast getting back to pre-War rates before any other industry in this country and across the seas. I don't wonder, therefore, that the latest accessory for cars is a new engine whistle that can be screwed into a valve cup so that its possessor can shriek with joy as he works the Bowden wire to let it off. But my word! won't the neighbours be pleased if it becomes popular on the Brighton road at night time as a traffic clearer and road warner. I used to have one on a motor-boat that was jolly handy to wake up lock-keepers, but have never tried the car model, but mine could let forth some shriek I can tell you.

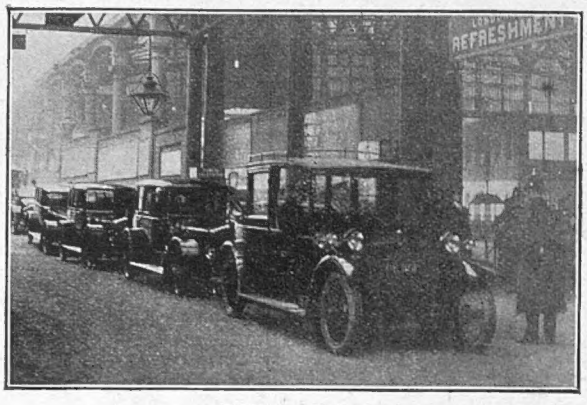
* * *

AN official notice has been issued by the Ministry of Transport with regard to motor vehicle quarterly licenses for the quarter commencing the 25th inst. In view of the Easter holidays, all owners of mechanically propelled vehicles who desire to ensure obtaining licenses before Easter for the ensuing quarter are requested to make application without delay. Declaration forms for first registration and renewal declaration forms can be obtained at any money order post office. Application must be made on the appropriate declaration form for first registration and license to the Council of the county, county borough, or burgh within whose area the vehicle is kept. No such license will actually be issued until March 23, as they only become available on the 25th, and they will be posted so far as possible to applicants on the day of issue. Unless early application is made Councils may not be able to deal with all applications before Easter.

* * *

MOTOR-BOATS put the fear of doom into the submarine and enlarged the enthusiasts of this sea-car among ourselves. That progressive and sporting crowd, the Sussex Motor Yacht Club of Brighton have just started a new 25 ft. one-design class, and "Bill" Osborne is building at Littlehampton a dozen of these, to be ready for this season's racing. It is an admirable sea-boat for the beam is 5ft. 9in., and the depth of the craft is 3ft. 1in., so when father is not racing he can take mother and the family out for a cruise in comfort and keep them dry. It is not every motor-boat club that can get a dozen members to build all at once, so the Sussex M.Y.C. can pat themselves on the back, as here is a regular motor patrol fleet ready to hand when needed. All these Sussex one-design class boats are to be fitted with a six-cylinder Buick engine and a 15in. propeller, and will be identical, so that as the rules in regard to the class do not permit any alterations to engine, or propeller, or hull, it will be interesting to see which of the owners handles his craft the best.

OLD HY.



ROYAL VISIT

These cars, headed by a Lanchester, conveyed the Duke of York's party from the station to the British Industries Fair recently held at Birmingham

TRIUMPH

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Ease of running and reliability are features of this famous machine and add greatly to the pleasures of the outing. Ladies' and Gent's Models at prices ranging from **£14 17s. 6d.**

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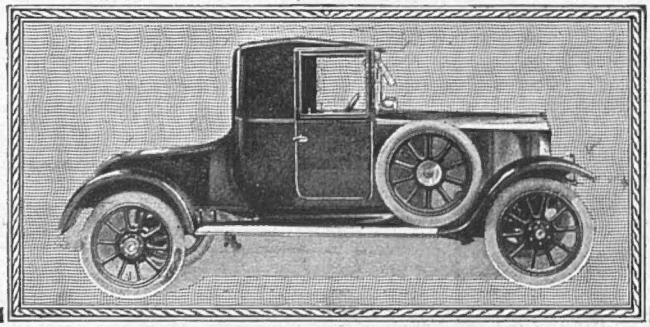

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